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# H A M L E T

By William Shake-speare,

1603;

# H A M L E T

By William Shakespeare,

1604:

*Being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by SAMUEL TIMMINS.*

“Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this.”

L O N D O N :

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., 47, LUDGATE HILL.

M,DCCC,LX.

Printed by *Josiah Allen, jun.*, Birmingham.



TO HIS GRACE  
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.,

F.R.S., D.C.L., &c., &c.,

THIS VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

*JOSIAH ALLEN, jun.*

January, 1860.

**NOTE TO THE READER.**--*The Printer begs to state, for the information and satisfaction of the reader, that the most scrupulous care has been exercised in the production of this volume; that the old-fashioned and mis-spellings, printers' blunders (which might, perhaps, be wrongly attributed to the present edition), the punctuation, &c., of the Originals have been minutely copied throughout; and that marginal references are given to the parallel passages where the quarto texts are so transposed that they could not be printed face to face.*

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

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### ERRATA.

Page 51 I, line 12—for “not,” read “nor.”  
Page 66 I—omit first three lines; given on previous page.  
Page II 18, line 23—for “than,” read “then.”  
Page II 30, line 2—for “aught,” read “ought.”

In the references, page 39 I—for “II 37,” read “II 36;”  
and page II 43—for “33 I,” read “34 I.”

wonderful tragedy is exceedingly obscure. SHAKESPEARE, unlike BEN JONSON, took no trouble about his marvellous dramas; and it was not till seven years after his death that the collected edition of his works appeared. HEMINGE and CONDELL, the editors of this folio of 1623, caution their “great variety of readers” against “diuers stol’n and surreptitious copies” previously published, and profess to have printed their edition from “papers” in which they “scarce received from him a blot.” The folio, however, is carelessly edited and badly printed, and we are indebted to some of these “stol’n and surreptitious copies” for some noble passages which would otherwise have been irrecoverably lost. Among these early quartos, most of which are very scarce, the first edition of *Hamlet* was till recently unique. It bore the date of 1603, and became the property of the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE in 1825, along with twelve other scarce old plays. The volume, which formerly

belonged to Sir THOMAS HANMER, was bought by PAYNE and Foss for 180*l.*, sold to the Duke for 250*l.*, and is now estimated to be worth 400*l.* A reprint of the *Hamlet*, very carefully and accurately made, was published in 1825, but without the last leaf, which was deficient in the original, and this leaf was not supplied till 1856, when a second copy of the play was discovered by Mr. M. W. ROONEY of Dublin. This copy, which had the last leaf perfect, but wanted the title page, was bought by Mr. ROONEY from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, who had brought it from Nottinghamshire with his other books. After reprinting the last leaf, Mr. ROONEY sold the pamphlet to Mr. BOONE for 70*l.*, from whom Mr. J. O. HALLIWELL bought it for 120*l.*, and it is now deposited in the British Museum.

Critics, of course, differ very widely as to the real date and history of this famous quarto. Mr. PAYNE COLLIER thinks it was probably printed from short-hand notes, revised by an inferior dramatist: others consider that it is, as far as it goes, a correct copy of the first version of the famous play: while nearly all agree that the date upon the title page gives no clue to the real date when the play was first written and performed. The contemporary literature affords four passages showing that a play called *Hamlet* was known before 1598, but no trace is found of any other *Hamlet* than that which bears SHAKESPEARE's name; and it is therefore a reasonable assumption that this drama, bearing the date 1603, may have been a recognised work of SHAKESPEARE, publicly performed several years before that date, and "surreptitiously" printed in that year. This would allow the further inference that the subject was a favourite one with SHAKESPEARE, and that about the beginning of the seventeenth century he revised his early drama, and "enlarged it to almost as much againe as it was." As the evidence is so very scanty, and the limits of this preface will not permit a discussion of probabilities, I must refer the reader to the remarks of Mr. COLLIER, Mr. KNIGHT, Mr. DYCE, and Mr. STAUNTON, and to an article in the *Edinburgh Review* (lxxxi, 377—384), in which the question is fairly and fully discussed, and record my own conviction that both the texts now republished are most valuable, the first as



a “rough-hewn” draft of a noble drama (written probably 1587-1589, “diverse times acted by His Highness’ servants” till 1602, when it was “entered” for publication, and soon afterwards “enlarged”), and “shaped,” as it appears in the second quarto, by the divine bard’s maturer mind.

The 1604 quarto is also scarce, only three copies being known. One belongs to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, another to Lord HOWE, and the other to Mr. HUTH, junior, of London. The history of the Devonshire copy is not publicly known, that of Lord Howe formerly belonged to CHARLES JENNENS, Esq., and Mr. HUTH’s copy was discovered by Mr. HOWARD STAUNTON in the library of Mr. PLUMER of Selkirk, and for which, with a folio of 1623, and 1632, Mr. HUTH paid 200*l.*, leaving about 165*l.* as the cost of the quarto *Hamlet*. All these copies are perfect and extremely valuable, not only as giving the text “enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie,” but as containing many passages of extreme beauty not found in the earlier quarto. A glance at the pages of this reprint will show how large are the additions, and how singularly interesting is the collation of the two texts. Whatever theory may be adopted as to their origin or date, their rarity is remarkable and their literary value great, since (in the words of Mons. F. V. HUGO, who has recently translated both versions into French) they afford us a “comparaison infiniment curieuse, en ce qu’elle nous permet de pénétrer jusqu’au fond la pensée du poëte, et de surprendre les secrets du génie en travail.”

The extreme rarity and value of these two quartos has kept them almost out of the reach of the great world of SHAKESPEARE-scholars; but the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE liberally ordered fac-similes to be made, and forty copies were issued under the superintendence of Mr. PAYNE COLLIER, and presented to various public libraries and eminent literary men. Even these, however, are too scarce to reach the great mass of readers; and the present volume (in which the pages on the right hand side are exact copies of the *Second Quarto*, page for page) is offered to the literary world as a careful and accurate reprint of the two scarce and valuable original

editions ; the *First Quarto* (occupying the left hand side) being so spaced out that the passages which are parallel face those of the second edition, and thus the development of the characters, and the changes of the text may be readily examined and compared.

Any attempt to consider the merits and beauties of the great drama, or the critical value of these two editions, would be beyond the purpose and limits of this preface ; and I therefore propose to give only the bibliography of *Hamlet*, with a few brief notes. The task is difficult, and will necessarily be imperfect ; for it has been found impossible to include in the text all references to *Hamlet*, except where the drama forms the special or a very prominent subject of the book, or where, as in the list of German commentaries, the references are not generally known. The list has been compiled with great care from WILSON's and from HALLIWELL's *Shakespeareana*, from Herr KARL ELZE's *Hamlet*, from a MS. of my friend, Dr. INGLEBY, and from my own collection and notes. Its objects are to show the greatness of the drama by the books it has brought forth, and to form, as far as practicable, an index of the works (excluding only three German and two English Travesties, and Pictorial Illustrations) which have appeared on the literary, dramatic, and personal history of this great drama. The folio editions (1623, 1632, 1664, 1685) are not mentioned in the list, nor the editions of the complete works, in which, of course, the tragedy is contained.

To Mr. J. ALLEN, jun., of Birmingham, the printer of this volume, the literary world is largely indebted for the admirable style in which it is produced ; and having carefully examined every page, I have much pleasure in stating that it is a complete and faithful reproduction of the original works.

SAM<sup>L.</sup>. TIMMINS.

Edgbaston, January, 1860.

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As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London : as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London, printed for N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and Iohn Trundell. 1603.

*The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare.*

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. [! James Roberts] for N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and are to be sold at his shopp vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.

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[No date, but entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company 1607.]

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[Boswell's Malone Edition, 1821, Vol. 2, p. 652, mentions this as having “Shak-speare without the middle e,” but no copy is known.]

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[Dr. Ingleby found, on careful collation, that the quartos of 1605, 1607, 1611 are not, as suggested by Mr. Rooney, the “same editions with different titles.”]

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As it is now Acted at His Highnesse the Duke of York's Theatre. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by Andrew Clarke, for J. Martyn and H. Herringman, at the Bell, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at the Blue Anchor, in the tower Walk of the New Exchange. 1676.

[In the possession of Dr. Ingleby ; but not mentioned by Wilson or Halliwell.]

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[A remarkably accurate reprint of the first-discovered copy, in which even the broken letters are reproduced.]

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*Shakespeare Restored: or a specimen of the many errors, as well committed, as unamended, by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this poet. By Mr. Theobald.*

London, 1726.

[This, although the title does not say so, is entirely devoted to the play of *Hamlet*.]

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*Popular and Classic Illustrations of Insanity (Essays and Orations), by Sir Henry Halford.* 12mo. 1832.

[Printed for private circulation, and very scarce, see Quarterly Review, xlix, 184-185.]

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*On the Meaning of the Word "Esl," in Hamlet,* by H. K. S. Causton. 8vo. 1851.

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*An Essay on the Ghost Belief of Shakespeare*, by Alfred Roffe. 18—.

*Hamlet*: an Attempt to ascertain whether the Queen were an Accessary before the fact in the Murder of her first Husband. London. 8vo. 1856.

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[Unfortunately, in one edition, this "carefully-reprinted" "last leaf" showed on collation no less than nineteen errors in twenty-five lines.]

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[A very extraordinary volume, showing that the "principal characters" are only "types of race"—Hamlet of the Teutonic; and that Shakespeare, if not a Welshman, must have been a Celt.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS IN ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

[These are necessarily so numerous that a complete list can scarcely be hoped for; and as much valuable material is buried in old volumes of literary journals, the compiler of this list will be glad to have the omissions supplied.]

### EDINBURGH REVIEW.

<i>Hamlet</i> (Garden at Elsinore)	xiv, 171
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" (Goethe's analysis)	xiii, 433
" (Le Tourneur's translation)	li, 230
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" (Authorities of Saxo Grammaticus)	lxxii, 287
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### QUARTERLY REVIEW.

<i>Hamlet</i> (Story Saxo Grammaticus)	ii, 291
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" (Character of)	li, 183-184
" (History of Saxo Grammaticus)	li, 461-462

### BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

<i>Hamlet</i> (Letters on)	ii, 504
" (Critique on)	v, 228
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" (Garrick's changes)	xlvi, 396
" (Ducis' French version)	xlvi, 339
" (Feigned Madness of)	xlvi, 449
" (Play represented in)	xlvi, 146
" (Passages in)	lxvi, 252, lxvii, 634-5

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*Über Shakespeare, mit einer Anmerkung, über die Darstellungsweise der Rolle des Hamlet, durch Bogumil Davison und Emil Devrient,* von Karl Gutzkow.

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*Shakespeare et Addison mis en comparaison ou imitation en vers ; des Monologues de Hamlet et de Caton par A. Duval.* 1786.

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*Hamlet* en Anglais et en Français, avec la description du Costume, des Entrées et

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1835.

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[? Title and date.]

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T H E  
Tragical Historie of  
HAMLET  
*Prince of Denmarke*

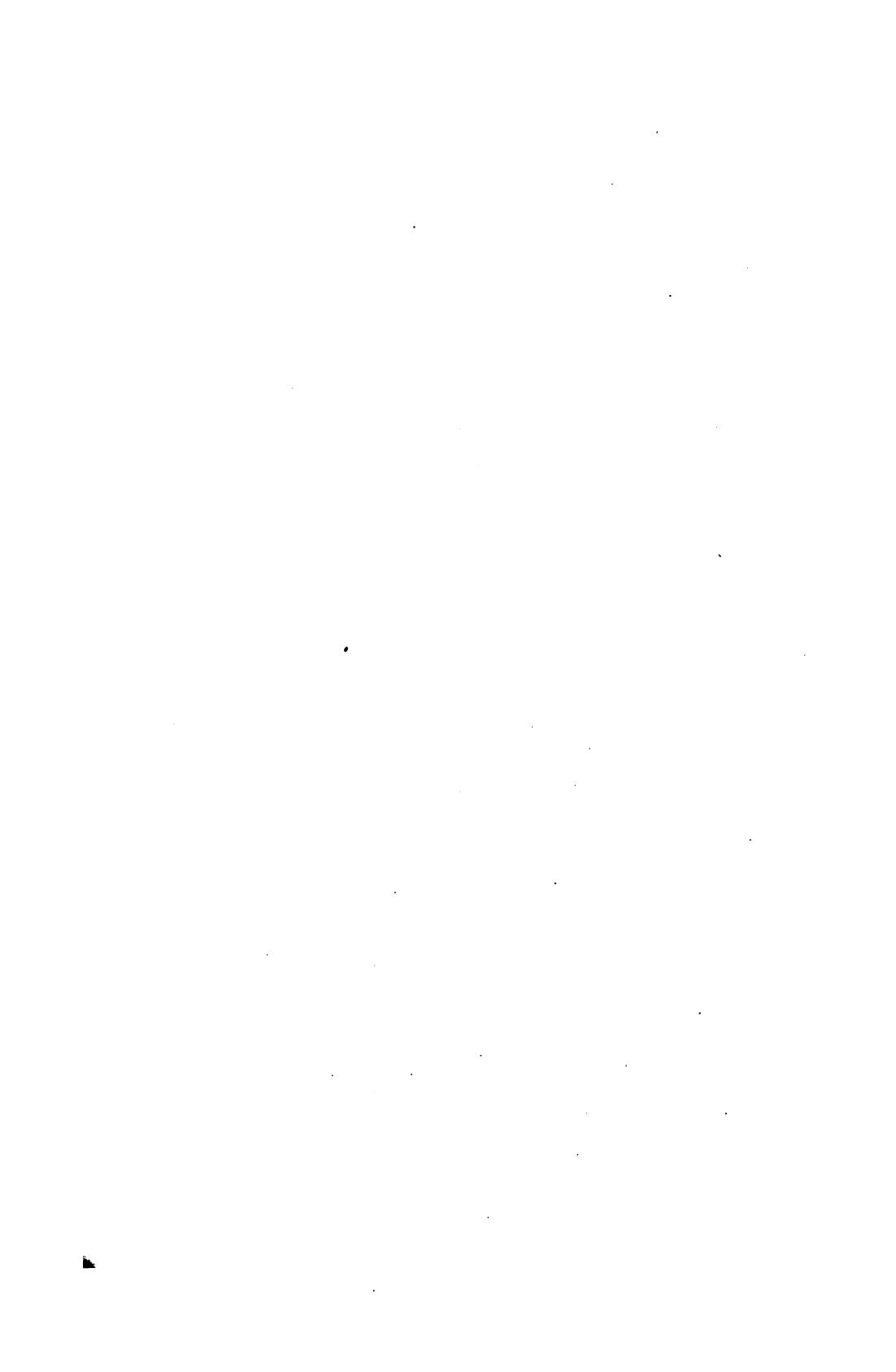
By William Shake-speare.

As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse ser-  
uants in the Cittie of London : as also in the two V-  
niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where



At London printed for N:L. and Iohn Trundell.  
1603.





*T H E*  
Tragicall Historie of  
H A M L E T,  
*Prince of Denmarke.*

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much  
againe as it was, according to the true and perfect  
Coppie.



A T L O N D O N,  
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his  
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in  
Fleetstreet. 1604.







# The Tragicall Historie of H A M L E T Prince of Denmarke.

*Enter two Centinels.*

1. S<sup>T</sup>and : who is that ?
2. STis I.

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,  
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.  
1. I will : See who goes there.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And leegemen to the Dane,

O farewell honest souldier, who hath releueed you?  
1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.

*Mar.*



# The Tragedie of H A M L E T *Prince of Denmarke.*

*Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.*

*Bar.* VV Hose there ?  
*Fran.* Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.  
*Bar.* Long liue the King,  
*Fran.* Barnardo.

*Bar.* Hee.  
*Fran.* You come most carefully vpon your houre,  
*Bar.* Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Francisco*,  
*Fran.* For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at hart.

*Bar.* Haue you had quiet guard ?  
*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.  
*Bar.* Well, good night :

If you doe meeete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,  
The riualls of my watch, bid them make haft.

*Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Fran.* I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there ?  
*Hora.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And Leedgemen to the Dane,

*Fran.* Giue you good night.

*Mar.* O, farewell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you ?

*Fran.* Barnardo hath my place ; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*  
B. *Mar.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*.

2. Say, is *Horatio* there?

*Hor.* A peece of him.

2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

*Mar.* What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

2. I haue seen nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* fayes tis but our fantasie,  
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,  
Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs  
To watch the minutes of this night,  
That if againe this apparition come,  
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

*Hor.* Tut, t'will not appear.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe  
Affaile your eares that are so fortified,  
What we haue two nights seene.

*Hor.* Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake  
of this.

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's westward  
from the pole, had made his course to  
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,  
The bell then towling one.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Mar.* Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

*Mar.* Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

2. Lookes it not like the king?

*Hor.* Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Question it *Horatio*.

*Hor.* What art thou that thus usurps the state, in  
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes  
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

*Mar.* It is offended.      *exit Ghost.*

2. See, it stalkes away.

*Hor.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*.

*Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there ?

*Hora.* A peece of him.

*Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

*Hora.* What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night ?

*Bar.* I haue seene nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,  
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,  
Therefore I haue intreated him along,  
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,  
That if againe this apparision come,  
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

*Hora.* Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

*Bar.* Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe affaile your eares,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we haue two nights seene.

*Hora.* Well, sit we downe,  
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

*Bar.* Last night of all,  
When yond fame starre thats weastward from the pole,  
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen  
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe  
The bell then beating one.

*Enter Ghof.*

*Mar.* Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

*Bar.* In the same figure like the King thaths dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

*Bar.* Looke a not like the King ? marke it *Horatio*.

*Hora.* Most like, it horrories me with feare and wonder.

*Bar.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speake to it *Horatio*.

*Hora.* What art thou that usurpst this time of night,  
Together with that faire and warlike forme,  
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke  
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Bar.* See it staukes away.

*Hora.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Hor.* Stay , speake , speake , by heauen I charge thee speake.

*Mar.* Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,  
Is not this something more than fantasie ?  
What thinke you on't ?

*Hor.* Afore my God, I might not this beleuee , without  
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King ?

*Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe,  
Such was the very armor he had on,  
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.  
So frownd he once, when in angry parle  
He smot the fleadeth pollax on the yce,  
Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,  
With Marshall stalle he paſſed through our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular to worke, I know not,  
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to the ſtate.

*Mar.* Good, now fit downe, and tell me he that knowes  
Why this ſame ſtrift and moft obſeruant watch,  
So nightly toyles the ſubieet of the land,  
And why ſuch dayly coſt of brazen Cannon  
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,  
Why ſuch imprefſe of ſhip-writes, whoſe ſore taske  
Does not diuide the funday from the weeke :  
What might be toward that this ſweaty march  
Doth make the night ioyn̄t labourer with the day,  
Who iſt that can informe me ?

*Hor.* Mary that can I, at leaſt the whisper goes ſo,  
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-  
Brasse of *Norway*,  
Thereto prickt on by a moft emulous caufe, dared to  
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,  
For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemed him,  
Did ſlay this Fortenbrasse,  
Who by a ſeale compact well ratified, by law  
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all thoſe

His

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Hora.* Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee, speake.      *Exit Ghost.*

*Mar.* Tis gone and will not answere.

*Bar.* How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,  
Is not this somthing more then phantasie ?  
What thinke you-ont ?

*Hora.* Before my God I might not this belieue,  
Without the fencible and true auouch  
Of mine owne eies.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King ?

*Hora.* As thou art to thy selfe.

Such was the very Armor he had on,  
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,  
So frownd he once, when in angry parle  
He smot the fleaded pollax on the ice.  
Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,  
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

*Hora.* In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,  
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,  
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch  
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,  
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon  
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,  
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske  
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,  
What might be toward that this fweaty hast  
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,  
Who ist that can informe mee ?

*Hora.* That can I.  
At leaft the whisper goes so ; our last King,  
Whose image euен but now appear'd to vs,  
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Norway*,  
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulatē pride  
Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,  
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteemd him)  
Did flay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a feald compact  
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

His lands which he stooode feazed of by the conqueror,

Againstst the which a moity competent,  
Was gaged by our King :

Now fir, yong Fortenbrasse,  
Of inapproued mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,  
Sharkt vp a fight of lawlesse Resolutes  
For food and diet to some enterprize,  
That hath a stomacke in't : and this (I take it) is the  
Chife head and ground of this our watch.

*Enter the Ghost.*

But

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands  
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.  
Against the which a moitie competent  
Was gaged by our King, which had returne  
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,  
Had he bin vanquisher ; as by the same comart,  
And carriage of the article desfeigne,  
His fell to Hamlet ; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*  
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there  
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolutes  
For foode and diet to some enterprise  
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other  
As it doth well appeare vnto our state  
But to recouer of vs by strong hand  
And tearmes compulsory, those forefaid lands  
So by his father lost ; and this I take it,  
Is the maine motiue of our preparations  
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head  
Of this post hast and Romadge in the land.

*Bar.* I thinke it be no other, but enso ;  
Well may it fort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch so like the King  
That was and is the question of these warres.

*Hora.* A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye :  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell  
The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets  
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood  
Disasters in the sunne ; and the moist starre,  
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,  
Was sicke almost to doomeſday with eclipse.  
And euen the like precurſe of feare euent  
As harbindgers preceeding ſtill the fates  
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on  
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated  
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

*Enter Ghost.*

But

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,  
 Ile croffe it, though it blast me : stay illusion,  
 If there be any good thing to be done,  
 That may doe eafe to thee, and grace to mee,  
 Speake to mee.  
 If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,  
 Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,  
 Or if thou haft extorted in thy life,  
 Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,  
 For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death , speake  
 to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus.*

2. Tis heere.

*exit Ghost.*

*Hor.* Tis heere.

*Marc.* Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesticall, to offer it the shew of violence,  
 For it is as the ayre invelmorable,  
 And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

*Hor.* And then it faded like a guilty thing,

Vpon a fearefull summons : I haue heard  
 The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,  
 Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,  
 Awake the god of day, and at his sound,  
 Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,  
 The strauagant and erring spirite hies  
 To his confines, and of the trueth heereof  
 This present obiect made probation.

*Marc.* It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,  
 Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,  
 Wherein our Sauiuours birth is celebrated,  
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
 And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,  
 The nights are wholefome, then no planet frikes,  
 No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,

So

*Prince of Denmarke.*

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe  
 Ile croffe it though it blast mee : stay illusion,  
 If thou haft any sound or vse of voyce,      *It spreads  
his armes.*  
 Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done  
 That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,  
 Speake to me.  
 If thou art priuie to thy countries fate  
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd  
 O speake :  
 Or if thou haft vphoarded in thy life  
 Extorted treafure in the wombe of earth  
 For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.      *The cocke  
crownes.*  
 Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus.*  
*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?  
*Hor.* Doe if it will not stand.  
*Bar.* Tis heere.  
*Hor.* Tis heere.  
*Mar.* Tis gone.  
 We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall  
 To offer it the shewe of violence,  
 For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,  
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.  
*Bar.* It was about to speake when the cock crewe,  
*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing,  
 Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,  
 The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,  
 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat  
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning  
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre  
 Th' extrauagant and erring spirit hies  
 To his confine, and of the truth heerein  
 This present obiect made probation.  
*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cock..  
 Some say that euer gainst that season comes  
 Wherein our Sauiuours birth is celebrated  
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
 And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode  
 The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,  
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

So gratiouſe, and ſo hallowed is that time.

*Hor.* So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it:  
 But fee the Sunne in rufſet mantle clad,  
 Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,  
 Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduife,  
 Let vs impart what wee haue feene to night  
 Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life  
 This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:  
 Do you conſent, wee ſhall acquaint him with it,  
 As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

*Marc.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,  
 Where we ſhall finde him moft conueniently.

*Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,  
 and the two Ambaffadors, with Attendants.*

*King*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

So hallowed, and so gratious is that time.

*Hora.* So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,  
 But looke the morne in russet mantle clad  
 Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill  
 Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise  
 Let vs impart what we haue seene to night  
 Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life  
 This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him :  
 Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it  
 As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

*Mar.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe  
 Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

*Florib.* Enter *Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertradt he Queene,*  
*Counsaile : as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,*  
*Hamlet, Cum Allys.*

*Claud.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death  
 The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted  
 To bare our harts in grieve, and our whole Kingdome,  
 To be contracted in one browe of woe  
 Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,  
 That we with wifest sorrowe thinke on him  
 Together with remembrance of our felues:  
 Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene  
 Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state  
 Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy  
 With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,  
 With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,  
 In equall scale waighing delight and dole  
 Taken to wife : nor haue we heirein bard  
 Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone  
 With this affaire along (for all our thankes)  
 Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbraffe*,  
 Holding a weake supposall of our worth  
 Or thinking by our late deare brothers death  
 Our state to be disioint, and out of frame  
 Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage  
 He hath not faild to pestur vs with mesfage

Importing

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*King* Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbraffe*,  
*Nephew* to olde *Norway*, who impudent  
 And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his  
*Nephews* purpose : and Wee heere dispatch

Yong good *Cornelia* , and you *Voltemar*  
 For bearers of these greetings to olde  
*Norway*, giuing to you no further personall power  
 To businesse with the King,  
 Then those related articles do shew :  
 Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.  
*Gent.* In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.  
*King.* Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:  
 And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?  
 You said you had a sute what i'ft *Leartes*?

*Lea* : My gratiouse Lord, your fauorable licence,  
 Now that the funerall rites are all performed,  
 I may haue leauue to go againe to *France*,  
 For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,  
 Yet something is there whispers in my hart,  
 Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.

*King* Haue you your fathers leauue, *Leartes*?  
*Cor.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,

And

*Prince of Denmarke*

Importing the surrender of those lands  
 Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe  
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him :  
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,  
 Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ  
 To *Norway* Vnkle of young *Fortenbraße*  
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares  
 Of this his Nepnewes purpose ; to suppreſſe  
 His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,  
 The lifts, and full proportions are all made  
 Out of his ſubiect, and we heere dispatch  
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,  
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,  
 Giuing to you no further perſonall power  
 To buſines with the King, more then the ſcope  
 Of theſe delated articles allowe :  
 Farwell, and let your haſt commend your dutie.

*Cor. No.* In that, and all things will we ſhowe our dutie.

*King.* We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you ?  
 You told vs of ſome ſute, what iſt *Laertes* ?  
 You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane  
 And loſe your voyce ; what wold'ſt thou begge *Laertes*, ?  
 That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking,  
 The head is not more native to the hart  
 The hand more iſtrumentall to the mouth  
 Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,  
 What wold'ſt thou haue *Laertes* ?

*Laer.* My dread Lord,  
 Your leauue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,  
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,  
 To ſhowe my dutie in your Coronation ;  
 Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done  
 My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward Fraunce  
 And bowe them to your gracious leauue and pardon.

*King.* Haue you your fathers leauue, what faies *Polonius* ?

*Polo.* Hath my Lord wrong from me my floue leauue  
 By laboursome petition, and at laſt  
 Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

*King* With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

*Lear.* I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

*King.* And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.*

What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?

For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,

Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,

Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.

Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,

All *Denmarkes* hope our coofin and dearest Sonne.

*Ham.* My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare:  
 No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,  
 Nor the distracted hauour in the visage,  
 Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,  
 Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,  
 Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,  
 These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.

*King* This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,  
 But you must thinke your father lost a father,  
 That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the  
 Generall ending. Therefore ceafe laments,  
 It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,  
 A fault gainst nature, and in reasons  
 Common course most certaine,  
 None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

*Que.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

I doe beseech you giue him leauue to goe.

*King.* Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:  
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

*Ham.* A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

*King.* How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

*Ham.* Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

*Queene.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off  
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,  
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids  
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,  
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,  
Paffing through nature to eternitie.

*Ham.* I Maddam, it is common.

*Quee.* If it be  
VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.

*Ham.* Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,  
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother  
Nor customary suites of solembe blacke  
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath  
No, nor the fruitfull riuier in the eye,  
Nor the deiected hauior of the vilage  
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe  
That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,  
For they are actions that a man might play  
But I haue that within which passes shewe  
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

*King.* Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,  
To giue these mourning duties to your father  
But you must knowe your father lost a father,  
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound  
In filliall obligation for some tearme  
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer  
In obstinate condolement, is a courſe  
Of impious stubbornes, tis vnmanly grieſe,  
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen  
Ahart vnfourtified, or minde impatient  
An vnderstanding ſimple and vnschoold  
For what we knowe must be, and is as common

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Que.* Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,  
Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you madam.

*King* Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,

And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,  
But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell  
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince *Hamlet*.

*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

*Ham.* O that this too much grieu'd and falled flesh  
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniersall  
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!

*Prince of Denmarke.*

As any the most vulgar thing to fence,  
 Why shoulde we in our peuiish opposition  
 Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurde, whose common theame  
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed  
 From the first course, till he that died to day  
 This must be so : we pray you throw to earth  
 This vnpreeuailing woe, and think of vs  
 As of a father, for let the world take note  
 You are the most immediate to our throne,  
 And with no lesse nobilitie of loue  
 Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,  
 Doe I impart toward you for your intent  
 In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*,  
 It is most retrogard to our desire,  
 And we beseech you bend you to remaine  
 Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,  
 Our chieffest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

*Quee.* Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,  
 I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obay you Madam,

*King.* Why tis a louing and a faire reply,  
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,  
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*  
 Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,  
 No ioond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,  
 But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.  
 And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,  
 Respeaking earthly thunder ; come away.      *Florish.*

*Ham.* O that this too too falled flesh would melt,

*Exeunt all,*  
*but Hamlet.*

Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dewe,  
 Or that the euerlafting had not fixt  
 His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,  
 How wary, stale, flat, and vnproufitable  
 Seeme to me all the vses of this world ?  
 Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden  
 That growes to seede, things rancke and grose in nature,  
 Possest it merely that it should come thus

C.

But

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

O God within two moneths; no not two : maried,  
 Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,  
 My fathers brother: but no more like  
 My father, then I to *Hercules*.  
 Within two months, ere yet the salt of most  
 Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing  
 In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast  
 Deuoyd of reason would not haue made  
 Such speede: Fraeltie, thy name is Woman,  
 Why she would hang on him, as if increase  
 Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.  
 O wicked wicked speede, to make such  
 Dexterite to incestuous sheetes,  
 Ere yet the shooes were olde,  
 The which she followed my dead fathers corse  
 Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,

Nor it cannot come to good:  
 But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* Health to your Lordship.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much  
 forget my selfe.

*Hor.* The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

*Ham.* O my good friend, I change that name with you:  
 but what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Marc.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs:  
 But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?

Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

*Hor.* A trowant disposition, my good Lord.

*Ham.* Nor shall you make mee truster  
 Of your owne report against your selfe:  
 Sir, I know you are no trowant:  
 But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?

*Hora.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,  
 So excellent a King, that was to this  
 Hiperion to a satire, so louing to my mother,  
 That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen  
 Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth  
 Must I remember, why she should hang on him  
 As if increase of appetite had growne  
 By what it fed on, and yet within a month,  
 Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman  
 A little month or ere those shooes were old  
 With which she followed my poore fathers bodie  
 Like *Niobe* all teares, why she  
 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason  
 Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vnkle,  
 My fathers brother, but no more like my father  
 Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,  
 Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,  
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes  
 She married, ô most wicked speede; to post  
 With such dexteritie to incestuous sheets,  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good,  
 But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

*Hora.* Haile to your Lordship.

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

*Hora.* The fame my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,  
 And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)  
 But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

*Hora.* A truant disposition good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not heare your enimie say so,  
 Nor shall you doe my eare that violence  
 To make it truster of your owne report  
 Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,  
 But what is your affaire in *Elfonoure*?  
 Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

*Hora.*

### *The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Hor.* My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

*Ham.* O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient,

I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.

*Hor.* Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,

Would I had mett my dearest foe in heauen

Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;

O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,

*Hor.* Where my Lord?

*Ham.* Why,in my mindes eye *Horatio*.

*Hor.* I saw him once, he was a gallant King.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

*Hor.* My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,

*Ham.* Saw, who?

*Hor.* My Lord, the King your father.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.

*Hor.* Ceasen your admiration for a while

With an attentiuue eare, till I may deliuer,

Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen

This wonder to you.

*Ham.* For Gods loue let me heare it.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these Gentlemen,

*Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night.

Beene thus encountered by a figure like your father,

Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*

Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes

Before their weake and feare oppreffed eies.

Within his tronchions length,

While they distilled almost to gelly.

With the act of feare stands dumbe,

And speake not to him: this to mee

In dreadfull secrefie impart they did.

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.

Each part made true and good,

The Apparition comes: I knew your father,

Theſe

*Prince of Denmarke.*

- . My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
- . I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe studient,
- : it was to my mothers wedding.
- . Indeede my Lord it followed hard vpon.
- . Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates  
dly furnish forth the marriage tables,  
I had met my dearest foe in heauen
- : I had seene that day *Horatio*,
- : ier, me thinkes I see my father.
- . Where my Lord ?
- . In my mindes eye *Horatio*.
- . I saw him once, a was a goodly King,
- . A was a man take him for all in all  
not looke vpon his like againe.
- . My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
- . saw, who ?
- . My Lord the King your father.
- . The King my father ?
- . Season your admiration for a while  
n attent eare till I may deliuer  
the witnes of these gentlemen  
aruile to you.
- . For Gods loue let me heare ?
- . Two nights together had these gentlemen  
*us*, and *Barnardo*, on their watch  
lead waft and middle of the night  
hus incountred, a figure like your father  
at poynt, exactly *Capapea*  
es before them, and with solemne march,  
owe and stately by them; thrice he walkt  
r opprest and feare surprised eyes  
his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd  
to gelly, with the act of fear  
umbe and speake not to him ; this to me  
dfull secrefie impart they did,  
with them the third night kept the watch,  
as they had deliuered both in time  
of the thing, each word made true and good,  
pparision comes : I knewe your father,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

These handes are not more like.

*Ham.* Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,  
And wee did thinke it right done,  
In our dutie to let you know it.

*Ham.* Where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.

*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

*Hor.* My Lord we did, but answere made it none,  
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,  
And lifted vp his head to motion,  
Like as he would speake, but euen then  
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hafte,  
It shruncke in hafte away, and vanished  
Our fight.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed firs, but this troubles me:  
Hold you the watch to night?

*All.* We do my Lord.

*Ham.* Armed say ye?

*All.* Armed my good Lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My good Lord, from head to foote.

*Ham.* Why then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.

*Ham.* How look't he, frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, verie pal

*Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you.

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had beene there.

*Hor.* It would a much amazed you.

*Ham.* Yea very like, very like, staid it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate pace  
Might tell a hundred.

*Mar.* O longer, longer.

*Ham.* His beard was grifled, no.

*Hor.* It was as I haue seene it in his life,  
A sable siluer.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

*Hora.* My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once methought  
t lifted vp it head, and did addresse  
t selfe to motion like as it would speake :  
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,  
And at the found it thrunk in haft away  
And vanisht from our sight.

*Ham.* Tis very strange.

*Hora.* As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true  
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie  
To let you knowe of it.

*Ham.* Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,  
Hold you the watch to night?

*All.* We doe my Lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd say you?

*All.* Arm'd my Lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My Lord from head to foote.

*Ham.* Then sawe you not his face.

*Hora.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

*Ham.* What look't he frowningly?

*Hora.* A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hora.* Nay very pale.

*Ham.* And fixt his eyes vpon you?

*Hora.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had beene there.

*Hora.* It would haue much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, stayd it long?

*Hora.* While one with moderate haft might tell a hundredth.

*Both.* Longer, longer.

*Hora.* Not when I saw't.

*Ham.* His beard was grifsl'd, no.

*Hora.* It was as I haue seene it in his life  
A fable filuer'd.

*Ham.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble fathers person,  
Ilespeake to it, if hell it selfe shoule gape,  
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,  
If you haue hither confealed this fight,  
Let it be tenible in your silence still,  
And whatfoever else shall chance to night,  
Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,  
I will requit your loues, so fare you well,  
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,  
Ile visit you.

*All.* Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.*

*Ham.* O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,  
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,  
Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,  
Would the night were come,  
Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise  
Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

*Enter Leartes and Ofelia.*

*Leart.* My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboord,  
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:  
I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue  
Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes,  
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,  
Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,  
The Chairest maide is prodigall enough,  
If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.  
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,  
Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe  
Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

*Ofel.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* I will watch to nigh  
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

*Hora.* I warn't it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble fathers person,  
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape  
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all  
If you haue hetherto conceald this sight  
Let it be tenable in your silence still,  
And what someuer els shall hap to night,  
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue.  
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:  
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelfe  
Ile visite you.

*All.* Our dutie to your honour. *Exeunt.*

*Ham.* Your loues, as mine to you, farewell.  
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,  
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,  
Till then fit stll my soule, fonde deedes will rise  
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.

*Exit.*

*Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.*

*Laer.* My necessaries are inbarckt, farewell,  
And sister, as the winds giue benefit  
And conuay, in assitant doe not sleepe  
But let me heere from you.

*Ophe.* Doe you doubt that?

*Laer.* For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood  
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute  
No more.

*Ophe.* No more but so.

*Laer.* Thinke it no more.  
For nature cressant does not growe alone  
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes  
The inward seruice of the minde and soule  
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,  
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirc  
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ofel.* Brother, to this I haue lent attentive eare,  
 And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,  
 But my deere brother, do not you  
 Like to a cunning Sophister,  
 Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,  
 While you forgetting what is said to me,  
 Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine  
 Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,  
 And little recks how that his honour dies.

*Lear.* No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*,  
 Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leauue.

*Enter Corambis.*

*Cor.* Yet here *Leartes?* aboord, aboord, for shame,

The

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Iis greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,  
He may not as vnualewed persons doe,  
Carue for himselfe, for on his choife depends  
The safty and health of this whole state,  
And therefore must his choife be circumscribd  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body  
Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you,  
It fits your wisdome so farre to belieue it  
As he in his particular act and place  
May giue his saying deede, which is no further  
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.  
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine  
If with too credent eare you lift his songes  
Or loose your hart, or your chraft treasure open  
To his vnmaistred importunity.  
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,  
And keepe you in the reare of your affection  
Out of the shot and danger of desire,  
“The chariest maide is prodigall inough  
If she vnmiske her butie to the Moone  
“Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes  
“The canker gaules the infants of the spring  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos’d,  
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent,  
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,  
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

*Ophe.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe  
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother  
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,  
Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen  
Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine  
Himselfe the primrose path of dalience treads.  
And reakes not his owne reed.                   *Enter Polonius.*

*Laer.* O feare me not,  
I stay too long, but heere my father comes  
A double bleffing, is a double grace,  
Occasion smiles vpon a second leauue.

*Pol.* Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,

The

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

The winde fits in the shoulder of your faile,  
And you are staid for, there my bleffing with thee  
And these few precepts in thy memory.

“ Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;  
“ Those friends thou haft, and their adoptions tried,  
“ Graple them to thee with a hoope of steele,  
“ But do not dull the palme with entertaine,  
“ Of euery new vnfleg’d courage,  
“ Beware of entrance into a quarrell;but being in,  
“ Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,

“ Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.  
“ But not exprest in fashion,  
“ For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.  
And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station  
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:

“ This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any one,  
Farewel, my bleffing with thee.

*Lear.* I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,

And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.*

*Ofel.* It is already lock’t within my hart,  
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

*Cor.* What i’st *Ofelia* he hath faide to you?

*Ofel.* Somthing touching the Prince *Hamlet*.

*Cor.* Mary wel thought on, tis giuen me to vnderstand,  
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence

*Prince of Denmarke.*

The wind sits in the shoulder of your faile,  
 And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,  
 And these fewe precepts in thy memory  
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,  
 Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,  
 Those friends thou haft, and their a doption tried,  
 Grapple then vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,  
 But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment  
 Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,  
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,  
 Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,  
 Take each mans censure, but referue thy judgement,  
 Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,  
 But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,  
 For the apparrell oft proclaines the man  
 And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,  
 Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy  
 For loue oft looses both it selfe and friend,  
 And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry ;  
 This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true  
 And it must followe as the night the day  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man :  
 Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

*Laer.* Most humbly doe I take my leauue my Lord.

*Pol.* The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.

*Laer.* Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well  
 What I haue sayd to you.

*Ophe.* Tis in my memory lockt

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

*Laer.* Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*

*Pol.* What iſt *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you ?

*Ophe.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

*Pol.* Marry well bethought

Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you, and you yourſelfe

Hauē of your audience beene moſt free and bountious,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,  
 As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution  
 I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe  
 So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

*Ofel.* My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue  
 to me.

*Cor.* Tenders, I, I,tenders you may call them.

*Ofel.* And withall, such earnest vowes.

*Cor.* Springes to catch woodcocks,  
 What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,  
 How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,  
 In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence,  
 Or tendering thus you'l tender mee a foole.

*Ofel.* I shall obay my lord in all I may.

*Cor.* *Ofelia,* receiue none of his letters,  
 " For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;  
 " Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes  
 To vnlocke Chaftitie vnto Desire;  
 Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue,  
 " Greate in their wordes, but little in their loue.

*Prince of Denmarke.*

If it be so, as so tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,  
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely  
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,  
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

*Ophe.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle  
Vnsifted in such perillous circumstance,  
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?

*Ophe.* I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

*Pol.* Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie  
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay  
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearly  
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase  
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

*Ophe.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue  
In honorable fashyon.

*Pol.* I, fahion you may call it, go to, go to.

*Ophe.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech  
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

*Pol.* I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe  
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule  
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter  
Giuing more light than heate, extin&t in both  
Euen in their promife, as it is a making  
You must not take for fire, from this time  
Be something scanter of your maiden preſence  
Set your intreatments at a higher rate  
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,  
Believe ſo much in him that he is young,  
And with a larger tider may he walke  
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,  
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers  
Not of that die which their inuestments ſhowe  
But meere imploratotors of vnholie ſuites  
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds  
The better to beguide: this is for all,  
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ofel.* I will my lord. *exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and  
An nipping winde, what houre i'th?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*

*Mar.* No, tis strucke.

*Hor.* Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?

*Ham.* O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse,  
Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,  
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,  
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,  
The triumphes of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custome here?

*Ham.* I mary i'th and though I am  
Native here, and to the maner borne,  
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,  
Then in the obseruance.

*Enter*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Hauē you so flaunder any moment leasure  
 As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,  
 Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.  
*Ophe.* I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

*Hora.* It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

*Ham.* What houre now?

*Hora.* I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

*Mar.* No, it is strooke.

*Hora.* Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,  
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A florish of trumpets*  
 What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

*Ham.* The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse.  
 Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:  
 And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,  
 The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out  
 The triumph of his pledge.

*Hora.* Is it a custome?

*Ham.* I marry ift.

But to my minde, though I am native heere  
 And to the manner borne, it is a custome  
 More honourd in the breach, than the obseruance.  
 This heawy headed reueale east and west  
 Makes vs traduft, and taxed of other nations,  
 They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase  
 Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes  
 From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height  
 The pith and marrow of our attribute,  
 So oft it chaunces in particuler men,  
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them  
 As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,  
 (Since nature cannot chooſe his origin)  
 By their ore-grow'th of some complexion  
 Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,  
 Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens  
 The forme of plausive manners, that these men  
 Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

D

Being

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Enter the Ghost.*

*Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,  
 Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell:  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou commest in such questionable shape,  
 That I will speake to thee,  
 Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,  
 O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,  
 But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death  
 Haue burst their ceremonies:why thy Sepulcher,  
 In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,  
 Hath burst his ponderous and marble lawes,  
 To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,  
 That thou, dead corse,againe in compleate steele,  
 Reuissets thus the glimfes of the Moone,  
 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,  
 So horridely to shake our disposition,  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?  
 Say,speake,wherefore,what may this meane?

*Hor.* It beckons you,as though it had something  
 To impart to you alone.

*Mar.* Looke with what courteous action  
 It waues you to a more remoued ground,  
 But do not goe with it.

*Hor.* No, by no meanes my Lord.

*Ham.* It will not speake,then will I follow it.

*Ho,*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,  
 His vertues els be they as pure as grace,  
 As infinite as man may vndergoe,  
 Shall in the generall censure take corruption  
 From that particular fault : the dram of eale  
 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
 To his owne scandle.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Hora.* Looke my Lord it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs :  
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,  
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
 That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,  
 King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,  
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
 Why thy canoniz'd bones.hearsed in death  
 Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd  
 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,  
 To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane  
 That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele  
 Revifites thus the glimses of the Moone,  
 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature  
 So horridly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,  
 Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

*Beckins.*

*Hora.* It beckins you to goe away with it  
 As if it forme impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

*Mar.* Looke with what curteous action  
 It waues you to a more remouued ground,  
 But doe not goe with it.

*Hora.* No, by no meanes.

*Ham.* It will not speake, then I will followe it.

*Hora.* Doe not my Lord.

*Ham.* Why what shoulde be the feare,  
 I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

And

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.  
 That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,  
 And there assume some other horrible shape,  
 Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,  
 And driue you into madnesse : thinke of it.

*Ham.* Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

*Hor.* My Lord, you shall not go.

*Ham.* Why what should be the feare?

I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,  
 And for my foule, what can it do to that?  
 Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,  
 Go on, ile follow thee.

*Mar.* My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

*Ham.* My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artiu

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,  
 Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;  
 By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,  
 Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

*Hor.* He waxeth desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*.

*Hor.* Haue after; to what issue will this sort?

*Mar.* Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?

*Ghost* Marke me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost* I am thy fathers spirit, doomd for a time  
 To walke the night, and all the day  
 Confinde in flaming fire,  
 Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature  
 Are purged and burnt away.

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.

*Ghost*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

And for my soule, what can it doe to that  
Being a thing immortall as it selfe ;  
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

*Hora.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my  
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe  
That bettles ore his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrable forme  
Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,  
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,  
The very place puts toyes of desperation  
Without more motiué, into every braine  
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea  
And heares it rore beneath.

*Ham.* It waues me still,  
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

*Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord.

*Ham.* Hold of your hands.

*Hora.* Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

*Ham.* My fate cries out  
And makes each petty arture in this body  
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue ;  
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen  
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,

I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hora.* He waxes desperate with imagin.

*Mar.* Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hora.* Haue after, to what issue will this come ?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

*Hora.* Heauen will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further,

*Ghoſt.* Marke me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghoſt.* My houre is almost come  
When I to fulphrus and tormenting flames  
Must render vp myfelfe.

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ghoſt* Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding  
 Lend thy liftning eare, but that I am forbid  
 To tell the secrets of my prison house  
 I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word  
 Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,  
 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,  
 Thy knotted and cōbined locks to part,  
 And each particular haire to stand on end  
 Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine,  
 But this fame blazon must not be,to eates of flesh and blood  
 Hamlet, if euer thou didſt thy deere father loue.

*Ham.* O God.

*Gho.* Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder :

*Ham.* Murder.

*Ghoſt* Yea, murder in the highest degree,  
 As in the leaſt tis bad,  
 But mine moſt foule,beaſtly, and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as ſwift as  
 meditation, or the thought of it, may ſweepe to my reuenge.

*Ghoſt* O I finde thee apt, and duller ſhouldſt thou be  
 Then the fat weedes which rootes it ſelfe in eaſe  
 On *Lethe* wharffe : briefe let me be.

Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my orchard,  
 A Serpent ſtung me ; ſo the whole eare of *Denmarke*  
 Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abuſde:  
 But know thou noble Youth : he that did ſting  
 Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my prophetike ſoule, my vnkle! my vnkle!

*Ghoſt*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ghoſt.* Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing  
To what I ſhall vnsold.

*Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare.

*Ghoſt.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt hear  
*Ham.* What?

*Ghoſt.* I am thy fathers ſpirit,  
Doomd for a certayne tearme to walke the night,  
And for the day confind to fast in fires,  
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid  
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon house,  
I could a tale vnfolde whose lighteſt word  
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like ſtares ſtarſt from their ſpheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particuler haire to ſtand an end,  
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine,  
But this eternall blazon muſt not be  
To eares of fleſh and blood, lift, lift, ô lift:  
If thou diſt euer thy deare father loue.

*Ham.* O God.

*Ghoſt.* Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnaturall murther.

*Ham.* Murther.

*Ghoſt.* Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,  
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue  
May ſweepe to my reuenge.

*Ghoſt.* I find thee apt,  
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede  
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,  
Would'ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,  
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,  
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of Denmarke  
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death  
Ranckely abuſde: but knowe thou noble Youth,  
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life  
Now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my propheeticke ſoule! my Vnkle?

*Ghoſt.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ghost* Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will  
 (with gifts,  
 O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power  
 So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,

But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,  
 Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,  
 So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,  
 Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,  
 And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes  
 I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,  
 Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes

In the after noone, vpon my secure houre  
 Thy vncle came, with iuyce of Hebona  
 In a viall, and through the porches of my eares  
 Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect  
 Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,  
 That swift as quickefilner, it posteth through  
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,  
 And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood  
 Like eager dropings into milke.

And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.  
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand  
 Of Crownne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie  
 At once deprived, no reckoning made of,  
 But sent vnto my graue,  
 With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,  
 O horrible, most horrible!

*Ham.* O God!

*ghost* If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,

But

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ghost.* I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
 With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,  
 O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power  
 So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust  
 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;  
 O Hamlet, what falling off was there  
 From me whose loue was of that dignitie  
 That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe  
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline  
 Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,  
 To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,  
 Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen  
 So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,  
 Will fort it selfe in a celestiall bed  
 And pray on garbage.  
 But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,  
 Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,  
 My custome alwayes of the afternoone,  
 Vpon my securer houre, thy Vnkle stole  
 With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,  
 And in the porches of my eares did poure  
 The leaprous distilment,whose effect  
 Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,  
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,  
 And with a fodaine vigour it doth possest  
 And curde like eager droppings into milke,  
 The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,  
 And a most instant tetter barckt about  
 Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust  
 All my smooth body.  
 Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,  
 Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,  
 Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,  
 Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,  
 No reckning made, but sent to my account  
 Withall my imperfections on my head,  
 O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.  
 If thou haft nature in thee beare it not,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

But howsoeuer, let not thy heart  
 Conspire against thy mother aught,  
 Leue her to heauen,  
 And to the burthen that her conscience beares.

I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin  
 To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffектual fire:  
 Hamlet adue,adue,adue : remember me.      *Exit*

*Ham.* O all you hoste of heauen ! O earth, what else?  
 And shall I couple hell; remember thee?

Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables  
 Of my memorie, ile wipe away all fawes of Bookes,

All triuall fond conceites

That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,  
 And thy remembrance, all alone shall fit.

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitious villaine,

Murderons, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,  
 (My tables) meet it is I set it downe,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;  
 At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke*.  
 So vnkle , there you are, there you are.  
 Now to the words; it is adue adue : remember me,  
 Soe tis enough I haue sworne.

*Hor.* My lord, my lord.

*Mar.* Lord Hamlet.

*Enter. Horatio,  
 and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* Ill, lo,lo,ho,ho.

*Mar.* Ill,lo,lo,so,ho,so,come boy, come.

*Hor.* Heauens secure him.

*Mar.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Let not the royll bed of Denmarke be  
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
 But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,  
 Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive  
 Against thy mother aught, leaue her to heauen,  
 And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge  
 To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,  
 The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere  
 And gines to pale his vneffектuall fire,  
 Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

*Ham.* O all you host of heauen, ô earth, what els,  
 And shall I couple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,  
 And you my finnowes, growe not instant old,  
 But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,  
 I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a feate  
 In this distracted globe, remember thee,  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,  
 All sawes of booke, all formes, all pressures past  
 That youth and obseruation coppied there,  
 And thy commandement all alone shall liue,  
 Within the booke and volume of my braine  
 Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,  
 O most pernicious woman.  
 O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,  
 My tables, meet it is I set it downe  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,  
 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.  
 So Vnkle, there you are, now to my word,  
 It is adew, adew, remember me.  
*I haue sworn't.*

*Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Hora.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Mar.* Lord *Hamlet*.

*Hora.* Heauens secure him.

*Ham.* So be it.

*Mar.* Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

*Mar.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Mar.* How i'ft my noble lord?

*Hor.* What news my lord?

*Ham.* O wonderfull, wonderful.

*Hor.* Good my lord tel it.

*Ham.* No not I, you'l reueale it.

*Hor.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord.

*Ham.* How say you then? would hart of man

Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.

*Both.* I by heauen, my lord.

*Ham.* There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,  
But hee's an arrant knaue.

*Hor.* There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell  
you this.

*Ham.* Right, you are in the right, and therefore  
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,  
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines  
And defiers shall leade you: for looke you,  
Euery man hath busines, and desires, such  
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.

*Ham.* I am sory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

*Hor.* Ther's no offence my Lord.

*Ham.* Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,  
And much offence to, touching this vision,  
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you.  
For your desires to know what is betweene vs,  
Or emaister it as you may:  
And now kind frends, as you are frends,  
Schollers and gentlmen,  
Grant mee one poore request.

*Both.* What i'ft my Lord?

*Ham.* Neuer make known what you haue seene to night

*Both.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay but sweare.

*Hor.* In faith my Lord not I.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Mar.* How i'ft my noble Lord?

*Hora.* What newes my Lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderfull.

*Hora.* Good my Lord tell it.

*Ham.* No, you will reueale it.

*Hora.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord.

*Ham.* How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,  
But you'le be secret.

*Booth.* I by heauen.

*Ham.* There's neuer a villaine,  
Dwelling in all Denmarke

But hee's an arrant knaue.

*Hora.* There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue  
To tell vs this.

*Ham.* Why right,you are in the right,  
And so without more circumstance at all  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,  
You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,  
For euyer man hath busines and desire  
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part  
I will goe pray.

*Hora.* These are but wilde and whirling words my Lord.

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you hartily,  
Yes faith hartily.

*Hora.* There's no offence my Lord.

*Ham.* Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,  
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,  
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,  
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs  
Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,  
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,  
Giue me one poore request.

*Hora.* What i'ft my Lord,we will.

*Ham.* Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.

*Booth.* My Lord we will not.

*Ham.* Nay but fwear't.

*Hora.* In faith my Lord not I.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.

*Ham.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* Nay vpon my fword, indeed vpon my fword.  
*Gho.* Sweare.

*The Gost under the stage.*

*Ham.* Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the fellerige,  
 Here consent to sweare.  
*Hor.* Propose the oth my Lord.  
*Ham.* Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,  
 Sweare by my fword.  
*Gost.* Sweare.  
*Ham.* *Hic & ubique;* nay then weele shift our ground:  
 Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes  
 Againe vpon this fword, neuer to speake  
 Of that which you haue seene, fweare by my fword.

*Ghost* Sweare.  
*Ham.* Well said old Mole, can't worke in the earth?  
 so fast, a worthy Pioner , once more remoue.  
*Hor.* Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.  
*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger gue it welcome,  
 There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,  
 Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,  
 But come here,as before you neuer shall  
 How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,  
 As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,  
 To put an Anticke disposition on,  
 That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall  
 With Armes incombred thus, or this head shake,  
 Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,  
 As well well, wee know, or we could and if wee would,  
 Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:  
 Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,  
 This not to doe, so grace, and mercie  
 At your most need helpe you, sweare  
*Ghost.* fweare.  
*Ham.* Rest,rest,perturbed spirit. so gentlemen,  
 In all my loue I do commend mee to you,

And

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Vppon my fword.

*Mar.* We haue sworne my Lord already.

*Ham.* Indeede vppon my fword, indeed.

*Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*

*Ghoſt.* Sweare.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, fay'ſt thou ſo, art thou there trupenny ?  
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,  
Content to ſweare.

*Hora.* Propone the oath my Lord.

*Ham.* Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeen  
Sweare by my fword.

*Ghoſt.* Sweare.

*Ham.* *Hic, & ubique,* then weeble ſhift our ground :  
Come hether Gentlemen  
And lay your hands againe vpon my fword,  
Sweare by my fword  
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.

*Ghoſt.* Sweare by his fword.

*Ham.* Well ſayd olde Mole, can'ſt worke it'h earth ſo fast,  
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

*Hora.* O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.

*Ham.* And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,  
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*  
Then are dream't of in your philofophie, but come  
Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,  
(How ſtrange or odde ſo mere I beare my ſelfe,  
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,  
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on  
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall  
With armes incombred thus, or this head ſhake,  
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phrase,  
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,  
Or if we liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,  
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)  
That you knowe ought of me, this doe ſweare,  
So grace and mercy at your moft neede helpe you.

*Ghoſt.* Sweare.

*Ham.* Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit : ſo Gentlemen,  
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,

And

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may,  
 To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,  
 Nay come lett's go together,  
 But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,  
 The time is out of ioynt,O cursed spite,  
 That euer I was borne to set it right,  
 Nay come lett's go together.      *Exeunt.*

*Enter Corambis, and Montano.*

*Cor.* *Montano*, here, these letters to my sonne,  
 And this same mony with my blessing to him,  
 And bid him ply his learning good *Montano*.

*Mon.* I will my lord.

*Cor.* You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus,

I knew the gentleman, or know his father,  
 To inquire the manner of his life,  
 As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,  
 You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,

At game, or drincking, f swearing, or drabbing,  
 You may go so farre.

*Mon.* My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

*Cor.* I faith not a whit, no not a whit,

Now

*Prince of Denmarke.*

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,  
 May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you  
 God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,  
 And still your fingers on your lips I pray,  
 The time is out of ioynt, ô cursed spight  
 That euer I was borne to set it right.

Nay come, lets goe together.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.*

*Pol.* Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo*.

*Rey.* I will my Lord.

*Pol.* You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo*,  
 Before you visite him, to make inquire  
 Of his behauour.

*Rey.* My Lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Mary well said, very well said; looke you fir,  
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,  
 And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,  
 What companie, at what expence, and finding  
 By this encompasfment, and drift of question  
 That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer  
 Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,  
 Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,  
 As thus, I know his father, and his friends,  
 And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

*Rey.* I, very well my Lord.

*Pol.* And in part him, but you may say, not well,  
 But y'ft be he I meane,hee's very wilde,  
 Adicted so and so, and there put on him  
 What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck  
 As may dishonour him, take heede of that,  
 But fir, such wanton, wild, and vſuall slips,  
 As are companions noted and most knowne  
 To youth and libertie.

*Rey.* As gaming my Lord.

*Pol.* I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
 Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

*Rey.* My Lord, that would dishonour him.

*Pol.* Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

E.

You

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Now happily hee closeth with you in the consequence,  
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.

What was I about to say,

*Mon.* He closeth with him in the consequence.

*Cor.* I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,  
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,  
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,  
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,

Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring  
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,

Thus fir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,  
By indirections, finde directions forth,

And

*Prince of Denmarke.*

You must not put another scandell on him,  
 That he is open to incontinencie,  
 That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently  
 That they may seeme the taints of libertie,  
 The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,  
 A saugenes in vnreclaimed blood,  
 Of generall assault.

*Rey.* But my good Lord.

*Pol.* Wherefore shoulde you doe this?

*Rey.* I my Lord, I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry sir, heer's my drift,  
 And I believe it is a fetch of wit,  
 You laying these flight fallies on my sonne  
 As t'were a thing a little foyld with working,  
 Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound  
 Hauing euer seene in the prenominate crimes  
 The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd  
 He closes with you in this consequence,  
 Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,  
 According to the phrase, or the addistion  
 Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good my Lord.

*Pol.* And then sir, doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?  
 By the masse I was about to say someting,  
 Where did I leave?

*Rey.* At closes in the consequence.

*Pol.* At closes in the consequence, I marry,  
 He closes thus, I know the gentleman,  
 I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,  
 Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,  
 There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,  
 There falling out at Tennis, or perchance  
 I saw him enter such a house of sale,  
 Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,  
 Your bait of falsehood take this carpe of truth,  
 And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,  
 With windlesses, and with assaies of bias,  
 By indirections find directions out,  
 So by my former lecture and aduise

Shall

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

*Mon.* I haue my lord.

*Cor.* Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.

*Mon.* I will my lord.

*Cor.* And bid him ply his musicke

*Mon.* My lord I wil. *exit.*

*Enter, Ofelia;*

*Cor.* Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

*Ofe.* O my deare father, such a change in nature,  
So great an alteration in a Prince,  
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,  
A maidens eye ne're looked on.

*Cor.* Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?

*Of.* O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,  
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,  
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most  
Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,  
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,  
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,  
His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,  
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,  
As if they had vow'd, this is their lateſt obie&t.  
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrist,  
And there he holdes my pulse till with a figh  
He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away  
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:  
And as he went, his eie was ſtill on mee,  
For thus his head ouer his ſhoulder looked,  
He ſeemed to finde the way without his eies:  
For out of doores he went without their helpe,  
And ſo did leauue me.

*Cor.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Shall you my sonne ; you haue me, haue you not ?

*Rey.* My Lord, I haue.

*Pol.* God buy ye, far ye well.

*Rey.* Good my Lord.

*Pol.* Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

*Rey.* I shall my Lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his musique.

*Rey.* Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Pol.* Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter ?

*Oph.* O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beeene so affrighted,

*Pol.* With what i'th name of God ?

*Oph.* My Lord, as I was sowing in my clofset,  
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,  
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,  
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,  
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,  
And with a looke so pittious in purport  
As if he had been loosed out of hell  
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy loue ?

*Oph.* My lord I doe not know,  
But truly I doe feare it.

*Pol.* What said he ?

*Oph.* He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,  
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,  
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,  
He falls to such perufall of my face  
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,  
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,  
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,  
He raifd a sigh so pittious and profound  
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,  
And end his beeing ; that done, he lets me goe,  
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd  
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,  
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,  
And to the last bended their light on me.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Cor.* Madde for thy loue,

What haue you giuen him any croffe wordes of late?  
*Ofelia* I did repell his letters, deny his gifts  
 As you did charge me.

*Cor.* Why that hath made him madde:  
 By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast  
 Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort  
 To leave their wantonnesse. Well, I am fory  
 That I was so rash: but what remedy?

Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue,  
 Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

*Enter King and Queene, Roffencraft, and Gilderstone.*

*King* Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet

Hath lost the very heart of all his fence,  
 It is most right, and we most fory for him:  
 Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender  
 Our care to him, and our greatloue to you,

That you will labour but to wring from him

The

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Pol.* Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,  
 This is the very extacie of loue,  
 Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,  
 And leades the will to desperat vndertakings  
 As oft as any passions vnder heauen  
 That dooes afflic our natures : I am sorry,  
 What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late ?

*Oph.* No my good Lord, but as you did commaund  
 I did repell his letters, and denied  
 His acceſſe to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
 I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement  
 I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle  
 And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Ielouſie :  
 By heauen it is as proper to our age  
 To cast beyond our ſelues in our opinions,  
 As it is common for the younger ſort  
 To lack discretion ; come, goe we to the King,  
 This muſt be knowne, which beeing kept cloſe, might moue  
 More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,  
 Come.      *Exeunt.*

*Florish.*    *Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.*

*King.* Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne,  
 Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,  
 The need we haue to vſe you did prouoke  
 Our haſtie ſending, ſomething haue you heard  
 Of Hamlets transformation, ſo call it,  
 Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man  
 Refembles that it was, what it ſhould be,  
 More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him  
 So much from th'underſtanding of himſelfe  
 I cannot dreame of : I entreat you both  
 That beeing of ſo young dayes brought vp with him,  
 And ſith ſo nabored to his youth and hauior,  
 That you voutſafe your reſt heere in our Court  
 Some little time, ſo by your companies  
 To draw him on to pleafures, and to gather

So

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

The cause and ground of his dis temperancie.  
Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankefull,

*Rof.* My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power  
Your maestie may more commaund in wordes  
Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound  
By loue, by duetie, and obedience.

*Guil.* What we may doe for both your Maiesties  
To know the grieve troubles the Prince your sonne,  
We willindeuour all the best we may,  
So in all duetie doe we take our leaue,

*King* Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft.  
*Que.* Thankes Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

*Enter Corambis and Ofelia.*

*Cor.* My Lord, the Ambassadours are ioyfully  
Return'd from *Norway*.

*King* Thou still haft beene the father of good news.

*Cor.* Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,  
I holde my duetie as I holde my life,  
Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King:  
And I beleue, or else this braine of mine  
Hunts not the traine of policie so well  
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found  
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

*Queene* God graunt he hath.

*Enter*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

So much as from occasion you may gleane,  
Whether aught to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,  
That opend lyes within our remedie.

*Quee.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,  
And sure I am, two men there is not lining  
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you  
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,  
As to expend your time with vs a while,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,  
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

*Rof.* Both your Maiesties  
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,  
Put your dread pleatures more into commaund  
Then to entreatie.

*Guyl.* But we both obey.  
And heere giue vp our selues in the full bent,  
To lay our seruice freely at your feete  
To be commaunded.

*King.* Thanks *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guyldesterne*.  
*Quee.* Thanks *Guyldesterne*, and gentle *Rosencraus*.  
And I beseech you instantly to visite  
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you  
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

*Guyl.* Heauen, make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

*Quee.* I Amen. *Exeunt Rof. and Guyld.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully returnd.

*King.* Thou stll hast been the father of good newes.

*Pol.* Haue I my Lord? I affuse my good Liege  
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,  
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;  
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine  
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure  
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found  
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.

*King.* O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Enter the Ambassadors.*

*King* Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?  
*Volt.* Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,  
 Vpon our first he sent forth to supprese  
 His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd  
 To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:  
 But better look't into, he truely found  
 It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,  
 That so his sickneffe, age, and impotence,  
 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests  
 On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,  
 Receiuers rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,  
 Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more  
 To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,  
 Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,  
 Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,  
 And his Commission to employ thoſe ſouldiers,  
 So leuied as before, againſt the Polacke,  
 With an intreayt heerein further shewne,  
 That it would please you to giue quiet paſſe  
 Through your dominions, for that enterprife  
 On ſuch regardes of ſafety and allowances  
 As therein are ſet downe.

*King* It likes vs well, and at fit time and leaſure  
 Weele reade and anſwre theſe his Articles,

Meane time we thanke you for your well  
 Tooke labour: goe to your reſt, at night weeble eaſt togither:  
 Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*

*Cor.* This buſines is very well diſpatched.

Now

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Pol.* Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,  
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

*King.* Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found  
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

*Quee.* I doubt it is no other but the maine  
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

*Enter Embassadors.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,  
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

*Vol.* Most faire returne of greetings and desires;  
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppreſſe  
His Nepheus leuies, which to him appeard  
To be a preparation gainſt the *Pollacke*,  
But better looke into, he truly found  
It was againſt your highnes, whereat greeu'd  
That ſo his ſicknes, age, and impotence  
Was falſly borne in hand, ſends out arrests  
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,  
Receiuſe rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,  
Makes vow before his Vnkle neuer more  
To giue th'afſay of Armes againſt your Maiestie:  
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,  
Giues him threescore thouſand crownes in anuall fee,  
And his commission to imploу thoſe ſouldiers  
So leuied (as before) againſt the *Pollacke*,  
With an entreatie heerein further ſhone,  
That it might please you to giue quiet paſſe  
Through your dominions for this enterprize  
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance  
As therein are ſet downe.

*King.* It likes vs well,  
And at our more conſidered time, wee'le read,  
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this busines:  
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,  
Goe to your reſt, at night wee'le eaſt together,  
Moſt welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*

*Pol.* This busines is well ended.

My

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Now my Lord touching the yong Prince Hamlet,  
 Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:  
 Now to know the cause of this effect,  
 Or else to fay the cause of this defect,  
 For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

*Queene* Good my Lord be briefe.

*Cor.* Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,  
 Haue while shée's mine : for that we thinke  
 Is furest,we often loose:now to the Prince.  
 My Lord, but note this letter,  
 The which my daughter in obedience  
 Deliuier'd to my handes.

*King* Reade it my Lord.

*Cor.* Marke my Lord,  
 Doubt that in earth is fire,  
 Doubt that the starres doe moue,  
 Doubt trueth to be a liar,  
 But doe not doubt I loue.  
 To the beautifull *Ophelia*:

Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*.

My

*Prince of Denmarke.*

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate  
 What maiestie shoule be, what dutie is,  
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,  
 Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,  
 Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,  
 And tedioufnes the lymmes and outward florishes,  
 I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad :  
 Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,  
 What iſt but to be nothing els but mad,  
 But let that goe.

*Quee.* More matter with leſſe art.

*Pol.* Maddam, I ſweare I vſe no art at all,  
 That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,  
 And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure,  
 But farewell it, for I will vſe no art.  
 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines  
 That we find out the cause of this effect,  
 Or rather ſay, the cause of this defect,  
 For this effect defective comes by cause :  
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus  
 Perpend,  
 I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,  
 Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,  
 Hath giuen me this, now gather and furniſe,

*To the Celestiall and my ſoules Idol, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you ſhall heare : thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*

*Quee.* Came this from *Hamlet* to her ?

*Pol.* Good Maddam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull,  
*Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire,* *Letter.*  
*Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,*  
*Doubt truth to be a lyer,*  
*But neuer doubt I loue.*

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to recken  
 my grones, but that I loue thee beſt, ô moſt beſt belieue it, adew.

Thine euermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this machine is to him.

*Pol.* This in obedience hath my daughter ſhowne me, *(Hamlet.*  
 And more about hath his ſoliciting

As

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?  
 I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?  
*King.* As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.  
*Cor.* I would be glad to prooue so.  
 Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,  
 And one that is vnequall for your loue:

Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,  
 Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe  
 Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.  
 Now since which time, seeing his loue thus crofs'd,  
 Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,  
 He straitway grew into a melancholy,  
 From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,  
 Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,  
 And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine  
 Into this frensie, which now possessth him:  
 And if this be not true, take this from this.

*King.* Thinke you tis so?  
*Cor.* How? so my Lord, I would very faine know  
 That thing that I haue faide tis so, politiuely,  
 And it hath fallen out otherwise.  
 Nay, if circumstances leade me on,  
 Ile finde it out, if it were hid  
 As deepe as the centre of the earth.  
*King.* how shoulde wee trie this fame?  
*Cor.* Marry my good lord thus,  
 The Princes walke is here in the galery,

There

*Prince of Denmarke.*

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,  
All giuen to mine eare.

*King.* But how hath she receiu'd his loue ?

*Pol.* What doe you thinke of me ?

*King.* As of a man faithfull and honorable.

*Pol.* I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke  
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,  
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)  
Before my daughter told me, what might you,  
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,  
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,  
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,  
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,  
What might you thinke ? no, I went round to worke,  
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,  
*Lord Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,  
This must not be : and then I prescripts gaue her  
That she should locke herself from her refort,  
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,  
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:  
And he repell'd, a shourt tale to make,  
Fell into a fadnes, then into a fast,  
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,  
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,  
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,  
And all we mourne for.

*King.* Doe you thinke this ?

*Quee.* It may be very like.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,  
That I haue positiuely faid, tis so,  
When it proou'd otherwife ?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this, from this, if this be otherwife;  
If circumstancies leade me, I will finde  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede  
Within the Center.

*King.* How may we try it further ?

*Pol.* You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together  
Heere in the Lobby.

*Quee.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:  
 Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,  
 There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,  
 And if it proue any otherwise then loue,  
 Then let my censure faile an other time.

*King.* see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.  
*Enter Hamlet.*

*Cor.* Madame, will it please your grace  
 To leauue vs here ?

*Que.* With all my hart. *exit.*

*Cor.* And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,  
 And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnfeene.

[See p. II 44] *Ham.* To be, or not to be, I there's the point,  
 To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:  
 No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,  
 For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,  
 And borne before an euerlasting Judge,  
 From whence no paffenger euer retur'nd,  
 The vndiscouered country, at whose fight  
 The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.  
 But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,  
 Whol'd bear the scornes and flattery of the world,  
 Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poore?  
 The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,  
 The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,  
 And thoufand more calamities besides,  
 To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,  
 When that he may his full *Quietus* make,  
 With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,  
 But for a hope of somethong after death?  
 Which pulles the braine, and doth confound the fence,  
 Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,  
 Than flie to others that we know not of.  
 I that, O this conscience makes cowarde of vs all,  
 Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembred.

*Ofel.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Quee.* So he dooes indeede.

*Pol.* At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,  
Be you and I behind an Arras then,  
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,  
And be not from his reason falne thereon  
Let me be no assistant for a state  
But keepe a farme and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Quee.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*  
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,  
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet* ?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you knowe me my Lord ?

[See p. 37 I.]

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord.

*Ham.* I fir to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the sunne breedē maggots in a dead dogge , being a  
good kising carrion. Haue you a daughter ?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,  
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that, still harping on my daughter , yet hee  
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,  
and truly in my youth , I suffred much extremity for loue , very  
neere this . Ile speake to him againe . What doe you reade my  
Lord.

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord.

*Ham.* Betweene who.

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

*Ham.* Slaunders fir ; for the fatericall rogue fayes heere , that old  
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes  
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-  
tifull

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 45] *Ofel.* My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Ofel.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you honest?

*Ofel.* What meanes my Lord?

*Ham.* That if you be faire and honest,  
Your beauty shoulde admit no discourse to your honesty.

*Ofel.* My Lord, can beauty haue better priuilege than  
with honesty?

*Ham.* Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme  
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:  
Then Honesty can transforue Beauty:  
This was sometimes a Paradox,  
But now the time giues it scope.  
I neuer gaue you nothing.

*Ofel.* My Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them such earnest vowes of loue,  
As would haue mou'd the stoniest breast aliuē,  
But now too true I finde,  
Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

*Ham.* I neuer loued you.

*Ofel.* You made me beleeuē you did.

*Ham.* O thou shouldest not a beleeuēd me!

[See p. II 46] Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldest thou  
Be a breeder of finners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,

But

*Prince of Denmark.*

tifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir [See p. 38 I] though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my graue.

*Pol.* Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leauue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leauue of you.

*Ham.* You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Enter Guyldersterne, and Rosencraus.*

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Pol.* You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

*Rof.* God saue you sir.

*Guyl.* My honor'd Lord.

*Rof.* My most deere Lord.

*Ham.* My extenth good friends, how doost thou *Guyldersterne*?

A *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

*Rof.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guyl.* Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shooe.

*Rof.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you liue about her waft, or in the middle of her fa-  
*Guyl.* Faith her priuates we. (uors.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune,oh most true,she is a strumpet, What newes?

*Rof.* None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

*Ham.* Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonoure*?

*Rof.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpenny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me,come,come,nay speake.

*Guyl.* What should we say my Lord?

*Ham.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 46] But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes  
 It had been better my mother had ne're borne me,  
 O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,  
 With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts  
 To put them in, what shoulde such fellowes as I  
 Do, crawling between heauen and earth?  
 To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,  
 Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

*Ofel.* O heauens secure him!

*Ham.* Wher's thy father?

*Ofel.* At home my lord.

*Ham.* For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,  
 He may play the foole no where but in his  
 Owne houſe:to a Nunnery goe.

*Ofel.* Help him good God.

*Ham.* If thou doſt marry, Ile giue thee  
 This plague to thy dowry:  
 Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,  
 Thou ſhalt not ſcape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

*Ofel.* Alas, what change is this?

*Ham.* But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,  
 For wifemen know well enough,  
 What monſters you make of them,to a Nunnery goe.

*Ofel.* Pray God reſtore him.

*Ham.* Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,  
 God hath giuen you one face,  
 And you make your felues another,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Any thing but to'th purpose : you were sent for, and there is [See p. 39 I] a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modefties haue not craft enough to culour, I know the good King and Queen haue sent for you.

*Rof.* To what end my Lord ?

*Ham.* That you must teache me : but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship , by the confonancie of our youth , by the obligation of our euer preferued loue ; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall , bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

*Rof.* What say you.

*Ham.* Nay then I haue an eye of you ? if you loue me hold not of.

*Guyl.* My Lord we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why , so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery , and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late , but wherefore I knowe not , lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises : and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition , that this goodly frame the earth , seemes to mee a sterill promontorie , this most excellent Canopie the ayre , looke you , this braue orehanging firmament , this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire , why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures . What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason , how infinit in faculties , in forme and moouing , how expresse and admirable in action , how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God : the beautie of the world ; the paragon of Annimales ; and yet to me,what is this Quinteffence of dust : man delights not me , nor women neither , though by your fmilling, you seeme to say so.

*Rof.* My Lord,there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did yee laugh then,when I sayd man delights not me.

*Rof.* To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man,what Lenton entertainment the players shall receave from you , we coted them on the way, and hether they are comming to offer you seruice.

*Ham.* He that playes the King shal be welcome,his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vfe his foyle and target, the Louer shall not figh gratis, the humorus Man shall end his part in peace , and the Lady shall say her minde freely : or the black verfe shall hault for't. What players are they ?

*Rof.* Euen those you were wont to take such delight in,the Tragedians of the City.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 46] You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,  
 Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance,  
 A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,  
 It hath made me madde : Ile no more marriages,  
 All that are married but one, shall liue,  
 The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,  
 To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*

*Ofe.* Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?  
 The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,  
 All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me,  
 To a seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *exit.*

[See p. II 47] *King Loue?* No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and Corambis.*  
 Some deeper thing it is that troubles him.

*Cor.* Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,  
 I will myfelfe goe feele him: let me worke,  
 Ile try him euery way : see where he comes,  
 Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone  
 To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*

[See p. II 34] Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Yea very well, y're a fishmonger.

*Cor.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then fir, I would you were so honest a man,  
 For to be honest, as this age goes,  
 Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.

*Cor.* What doe you reade my Lord?

*Ham.* Wordes, wordes.

*Cor.* What's the matter my Lord?

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmark.*

*Ham.* How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes. [See p. 40 I]

*Rof.* I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouasion.

*Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City; are they so followed.

*Rof.* No indeede are they not.

*Ham.* It is not very strange, for my Vnkle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouthes at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florib.*

*Guyl.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashon and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shewe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vnkle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaved.

*Guyl.* In what my deare Lord.

*Ham.* I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.

*Ham.* Harke you *Gyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

*Rof.* Happily he is the seconde time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

*Pol.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

*Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roffius* was an Actor [See p. 41 I] in Rome.

*Pol.* The Actors are come hether my Lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz.

*Pol.* Vppon my honor.

*Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Ass.

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeuidible.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 34] *Ham.* Betweene who?

*Cor.* I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

*Ham.* Mary most vile heresie:

For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,

[See p. II 35] That olde men haue hollow eyes,weake backes,  
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,  
All which sir,I most potently beleuee not:  
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,  
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

*Cor.* How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:  
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:  
All this comes by loue, the vemensie of loue,  
And when I was yong, I was very idle,  
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:  
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my graue.

*Cor.* By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,  
Very shrewd answers,  
My lord I will take my leave of you.

*Enter Gilderstone, and Roffencraft.*

*Ham:* You can take nothing from me sir,  
I will more willingly part with all,  
Olde doating foole.

*Cor,* You seeke Prince Hamlet,fee,there he is. *exit.*

*Gil.* Health to your Lordship.

*Ham.* What, Gilderstone, and Roffencraft,  
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elyanoure*.

*Gil.*

*Prince of Denmark.*

indeuidible , or Poem vnlimited, *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor [See p. 41 I] *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty : these are the only men.

*Ham.* O *Ieptha* Judge of Israell, what a treasure had'ft thou ?

*Pol.* What treasure had he my Lord ?

*Ham.* Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha* ?

*Pol.* If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

*Ham.* Nay that followes not. (passing well.)

*Pol.* What followes then my Lord ?

*Ham.* Why as by lot God wot , and then you knowe it came to passe , as most like it was ; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shewe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

*Enter the Players.*

*Ham.* You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends , oh old friend , why thy face is valant since I saw thee last,com'ft thou to beard me in Denmark ? what my young Lady and misstris , by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen , then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine , pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, [See p. 42 I] bee not crackt within the ring : maisters you are all welcome, weeble ento't like friendly Fankners , fly at any thing we see, weeble haue a speech straite , come giue vs a taft of your quality, come a paisionate speech.

*Player.* What speech my good Lord ?

*Ham.* I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once , for the play I remember pleasd not the million,t'was cauairy to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others , whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modeſtie as cunning . I remember one sayd there were no fallets in the lines , to make the matter fauory , nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much,more handsome then fine : one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter , if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirhus* like Th'ircanian

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 36] *Gil.* We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad  
You were as when we were at *Wittenburg*.

*Ham.* I thanke you, but is this visitation free of  
Your felues, or were you not sent for?

[See p. II 37] Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene  
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:  
Come, I know you were sent for.

*Gil.* What say you?

*Ham.* Nay then I see how the winde fits,  
Come, you were sent for.

*Roff.* My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,  
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

*Ham.* Why I want preferment.

*Roff.* I thinke not so my lord.

*Ham.* Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,  
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth, nor sea,  
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,  
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

*Gil.* My lord, we laugh not at that.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then,  
When I said, Man did not content mee?

*Gil.* My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not  
content you.

What entertainement the Players shall haue,  
We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.

*Ham.* Players, what Players be they?

*Roff.* My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Pirrhous*, the rugged *Pirrhous*, he whose [See p. 42 I]  
fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,  
When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,  
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,  
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,  
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,  
Bak'd and empasted with the parching streetes  
That lend a tirranus and damned light  
To their Lords murther, rostet in wrath and fire,  
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Phirrhous*  
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.

[See p. 43 I]

*Pol.* Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good  
*Play.* Anon he finds him, (discretion.)

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke fword  
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,  
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,  
*Pirrhous* at *Priam* dries, in rage strikes wide,  
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell fword,  
Th'vnnerued father fals:  
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top  
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash  
Takes prisoner *Pirrhous* eare, for loe his sword  
Which was declining on the milkie head  
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,  
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhous* stood  
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,  
Did nothing:  
But as we often see against some storme,  
A silence in the heauens, the racking stand still,  
The bold winds speechleffe, and the orbe belowe  
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder  
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhous* pause,  
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,  
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,  
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne,  
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhous* bleeding fword  
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 87] Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (ftie?

*Ham.* How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

*Gil.* No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

*Ham.* How then?

*Gil.* Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,  
For the principall publike audience that  
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,  
And to the humour of children.

*Ham.* I doe not greatly wonder of it,  
For thoſe that would make mops and moes  
At my vncle, when my father liued,  
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds  
For his picture: but they ſhall be welcome,  
He that playes the King ſhall haue tribute of me,  
The ventrous Knight ſhall vſe his foyle and target,  
The louer ſhall figh gratis,  
The clowne ſhall make them laugh (for't,  
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verſe ſhall halt  
And the Lady ſhall haue leaue to ſpeake her minde freely.

*The Trumpets ſound,* Enter Corambis.  
Do you ſee yonder great baby?  
He is not yet out of his fwadling clowts.

*Gil.* That may be, for they ſay an olde man  
Is twice a childe. (Players,

*Ham.* Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the  
You ſay true, a monday laſt, t'was ſo indeede.

*Cor.* My lord, I haue news to tell you.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,  
 In generall finod take away her power,  
 Breake all the spokes, and follies of her wheele,  
 And boule the round nauie downe the hill of heauen  
 As lowe as to the fiends.

*Pol.* This is too long.

[See p. 43 I]

*Ham.* It shall to the barbers with your beard ; prethee say on, he's  
 for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

*Play.* But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

*Ham.* The mobled Queene.

*Pol.* That's good.

*Play.* Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames  
 With *Bison* rehume, a clout vpon that head  
 Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,  
 About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,  
 A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,  
 Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,  
 Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounft ;  
 But if the gods themselues did see her then,  
 When she saw *Pirribus* make malicious sport  
 In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,  
 The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
 Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,  
 Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen  
 And passion in the gods.

[See p. 44 1]

*Pol.* Looke where he has not turned his culour, and has teares in's  
 eyes, prethee no more.

*Ham.* Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,  
 Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed ; doe you  
 heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe  
 Chronicles of the time ; after your death you were better haue a  
 bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

*Pol.* My Lord, I will vsē them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Gods bodkin man, much better, vsē euery man after his  
 desert, & who shall scape whipping, vsē them after your owne honor  
 and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your boun-  
 ty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come firs.

*Ham.* Follow him friends, weeble heare a play to morrowe; doſt thou  
 heare

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 37] *Ham.* My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:  
When *Rossio* was an Actor in *Rome*.

*Cor.* The Actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz.

*Cor.* The best Actors in Christendome,  
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,  
Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall,  
Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:

[See p. II 38] *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:  
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

*Ha,* O *Iepha* Judge of *Israell*! what a treasure hadst thou?

*Cor.* Why what a treasure had he my lord?

*Ham.* Why one faire daughter, and no more,  
The which he loued passing well.

*Cor.* A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord,  
If you call me *Iepha*, I hane a daughter that  
I loue passing well.

*Ham.* Nay that followes not.

*Cor.* What followes then my Lord?

*Ham.* Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,  
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet  
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:  
Welcome maisters, welcome all, Enter players.  
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced  
Since I faw thee laft, com'ft thou to beard me in *Denmarke*?  
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:  
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than

*Prince of Denmarke.*

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

[See p. 44 I]

*Play.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Weele hate to morrowe night , you could for neede study  
a speech of some dozen lines , or sixteene lines , which I would set  
downe and insert in't, could you not ?

*Play.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not.  
My good friends, Ile leauue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elfon-* [See p. 45 I]  
*oure.*

*Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

*Rof.* Good my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Ham.* I so God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and pesant flauue am I.

Is it not monstrous that this player heere

But in a fixion,in a dreame of passion

Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, diffraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function futing

With formes to his conceit ; and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he shoulde weepe for her ? what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for passion

That I haue ? he would drowne the stafe with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede

The very faculties of eyes and eares ; yet I,

A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,

Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing ; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damn'd defeate was made : am I a coward,

Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th thrāote

As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,

Hah, s'wounds I should take it : for it cannot be

But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

To

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 38] Pray God fir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrent Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters, Weele euen too't, like French Falconers, Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your Quallitie, a speech,a passionat speech.

*Players* What speech my good lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speake a speech once, But it was neuer acted:or if it were, Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember, It pleased not the vulgar,it was cauiary To the million : but to me And others, that receiued it in the like kinde, Cried in the toppe of their iudgements,an excellent play, Set downe with as great modeftie as cunning : One said there was no fallets in the lines to make thẽ sauory, But called it an honest methode,as wholesome as sweete. Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember

Was *Eneas* tale to *Dido*, And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter, If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line, Let me fee.

The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast:

[See p. II 39] No t'is not so, it begins with *Pirrus*: O I haue it.

The rugged *Pirrus*,he whose fable armes, Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble, When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

To make oppresion bitter, or ere this  
 I should a fatted all the region kytes  
 With this flaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,  
 Remorslesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.  
 Why what an Asse am I, this is most braue,  
 That I the sonne of a deere murthered,  
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,  
 Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,  
 And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, fie vppont, foh.  
 About my braines ; hum, I haue heard,  
 That guilty creatures sitting at a play,  
 Haue by the very cunning of the scene,  
 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently  
 They haue proclaim'd their malefactions :  
 For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake  
 With most miraculous organ : Ile haue these Players  
 Play something like the murther of my father  
 Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,  
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench  
 I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene  
 May be a deale, and the deale hath power  
 T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,  
 Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,  
 As he is very potent with such spirits,  
 Abuses me to damne me ; Ile haue grounds  
 More relatiue then this, the play's the thing  
 Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King.      *Exit.*

[See p. 45 I]

[See p. 46 I]

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guyl-  
 densterne, Lords.*

*King.* And can you by no drift of conference  
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
 Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet  
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacie ?

*Ros.* He dooes confesse he feelest himselfe distracted,  
 But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.

*Guyl.* Nor doe we find him forward to be sounded,  
 But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe  
 When we would bring him on to some confession

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 39] Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered  
 With Heraldry more dismal, head to foote,  
 Now is he totall guise,horridely tricked  
 With blood of fathers,mothers,daughters,sonnes,  
 Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,  
 Rifted in earth and fire, old grandfire *Pryam* seekes:  
 So goe on.

(accent.)

*Cor.* Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good  
*Play.* Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,  
 His antike fworde rebellious to his Arme,  
 Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.

*Pyrrus* at *Pryam* drijes, but all in rage,  
 Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde  
 Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.

[See p. II 40] *Cor.* Enough my friend, tis too long.  
*Ham.* It shall to the Barbers with your beard:

A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,  
 Or else he sleepes, come on to *Hecuba*,come.

*Play.* But who,O who had seene the mobled Queene?

*Cor.* Mobled Queene is good,faith very good.

*Play.* All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,  
 And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes,a blancket  
 And a kercher on that head,where late the diadem stooode,  
 Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,  
 Would treason haue pronounced,  
 For if the gods themselues had seene her then,  
 When she saw *Pirrus* with malitious strokes,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Of his true sttate.

[See p. 46 I]

*Quee.* Did he receiue you well?

*Rof.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guyl.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Rof.* Niggard of question, but of our demaunds

Most free in his reply.

*Quee.* Did you assay him to any pastime?

*Rof.* Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players  
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,  
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy  
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,  
And as I thinke, they haue already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* Tis most true,  
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties  
To heare and see the matter.

*King.* With all my hart,  
And it doth much content me  
To heare him so inclin'd.  
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,  
And drieue his purpose into these delights.

*Rof.* We shall my Lord.      *Exeunt Rof. & Guyl.*

*King.* Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,  
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,  
That he as t'were by accident, may heere  
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,  
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,  
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,  
And gather by him as he is behau'd,  
Ift be th'affliction of his loue or no  
That thus he suffers for.

[See p. 33 I]

*Quee.* I shall obey you.  
And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,  
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,  
To both your honours,

[See p. 34 I]

*Oph.* Maddam, I wish it may.

*Pol.* *Ophelia walke you heere, gracious so please you,*

We

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 40] Mincing her husbandes limbs,  
 It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,  
 And passion in the gods.

*Cor.* Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,  
 And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

*Ham.* T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,  
 Will you see the Players well bestowed,  
 I tell you they are the Chronicles  
 And briefe abstracts of the time,  
 After your death I can tell you,  
 You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,  
 Then their ill report while you liue.

*Cor.* My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts.

*Ham.* O farre better man, vse euery man after his deserts,  
 Then who should scape whipping?  
 Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,  
 The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.

*Cor.* Welcome my good fellowes. exit.

[See p. II 41] *Ham.* Come hither maisters, can you not play the mur-  
 der of *Gonfago?*

*players* Yes my Lord.

*Ham.* And could'it not thou for a neede study me  
 Some dozen or sixteene lines,  
 Which I would set downe and insert?

*players* Yes very easily my good Lord.

*Ham.* T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord:  
 And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not.

Gentlemen,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,  
 That shew of such an exercise may culour  
 Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,  
 Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage  
 And pious action, we doe sugar ore  
 The deuill himselfe.

*King.* O tis too true,  
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.  
 The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,  
 Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,  
 Then is my deede to my most painted word :  
 O heauy burthen.

[See p. 34 I]

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Pol.* I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question,  
 Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer  
 The flings and arrowes of outragious fortune,  
 Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,  
 And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe  
 No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end  
 The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shucks  
 That flesh is heire to; tis a consummation  
 Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,  
 To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,  
 For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come  
 When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle  
 Must give vs pause, there's the respect  
 That makes calamitie of so long life:  
 For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,  
 Th'oppreffors wrong, the proude mans contumely,  
 The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurnes  
 That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,  
 When he himselfe might his quietas make  
 With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,  
 To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 41] Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,  
And for a time I would desire you leauue me.

*Gil.* Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Why what a dunghill idiote flauue am I?  
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:  
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?  
What would he do and if he had my losse?  
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,  
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,  
Amaze the standers by with his lamentes,  
Strike more then wonder in the iudicall eares,  
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,  
Indeede his passion would be generall.

Yet I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames,  
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,  
Stand stille, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:  
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,  
Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,  
Sure I shoule take it, or else I haue no gall,

[See p. II 42] Or by this I shoule a fatted all the region kites  
With this flaues offell, this damned villaine,  
Treacherous, bawdy, murdererous villaine:  
Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,  
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe  
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,  
I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,

Hath,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

[See p. 34 I]

No trauler returnes, puzzels the will,  
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
 Then flie to others that we know not of.  
 Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
 And thus the natvie hiew of resolution  
 Is fickled ore with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterpris(es) of great pitch and moment,  
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,  
 And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons  
 Be all my finnes remembred.

*Oph.* Good my Lord,  
 How dooes your honour for this many a day ?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you well.

*Oph.* My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours  
 That I haue longed long to redeliuer,  
 I pray you now receiue them.

[See p. 35 I]

*Ham.* No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.  
*Oph.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
 And with them words of so sweet breath compoſd  
 As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,  
 Take these againe, for to the noble mind  
 Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,  
 There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest.

*Oph.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you faire ?

*Oph.* What meanes your Lordship ?

*Ham.* That if you be honest & faire, you should admit  
 no discourse to your beautie.

*Oph.* Could beauty my Lord haue better comerfe  
 Then with honestie ?

*Ham.* I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honeſtie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honeſtie can tranſlate beautie into his likenes, this was ſometyme a paradox, but now the time giues it prooſe, I did loue you once.

*Oph.* Indeed my Lord you made me belieue ſo.

*Ham.* You ſhould not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot ſo euocutat our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it, I loued you not.

*Oph.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 42] Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confess a murder  
Committed long before.

This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,  
And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such men,  
Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue founder proofes,  
The play's the thing,  
Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King.      *exit.*

*Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.*

*King* Lordes, can you by no meanes finde  
The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?  
You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,  
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.

*Gil.* My lord, we haue done all the best we could,  
To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,  
But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes  
Would make an answere to that we exposde.

[See p. II 43] *Roff.* Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth  
Before we left him, and I take it,  
He hath giuen order for a play to night,  
At which he craues your highnesse company.

*King* With all our heart, it likes vs very well:  
Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,  
Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,  
And we vnto your felues will still be thankefull.

*Both*

*Prince of Denmark.*

*Oph.* I was the more deceiued.

*Ham.* Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee : I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father ?

*Oph.* At home my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doores be shut vpon him,  
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,  
Farewell.

*Oph.* O helpe him you sweet heauens.

*Ham.* If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowerie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow , thou shalt not escape calumny ; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them : to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

*Oph.* Heauenly powers restore him.

*Ham.* I haue heard of your paintings well enough , God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig & am- [See p. 37 I] ble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance ; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, thosse that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are : to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

*Oph.* O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne !

The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,  
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,  
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,  
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,  
That fuckt the honny of his musickt vowes ;  
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason  
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,  
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth  
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee  
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

*Exit.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 48]    *Both* In all wee can be sure you shall commaund.

*Queene* Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of  
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*  
*Gil.* Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.

*King* Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.

*Queene* My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule  
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.

*Cor.* Madame, I pray be ruled by me:  
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,  
We cannot yet finde out the very ground  
Of his distemperance, therefore  
I holde it meete, if so it please you,  
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.

*King* What i'ft *Corambis?* (done,  
*Cor.* Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are  
Madam, send you in hafte to speake with him,  
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,  
There quection you the cause of all his grieve,  
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'l tell you all:  
My Lord, how thinke you on't?

*King* It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?  
*Queene.* With all my heart, soone will I send for him.  
*Cor.* My selfe will be that happy messenger,  
Who hopes his grieve will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes*

*Enter Hamlet and the Players.*

*Ham.* Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue  
as I taught thee,  
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do  
I'de rather heare a towne bell bellow,  
Then such a fellow speake my lines.  
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,  
But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow,  
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebüstious periwig  
To

*Prince of Denmarke.**Enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,  
 Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,  
 Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule  
 Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,  
 And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose  
 VVill be some danger ; which for to preuent,  
 I haue in quick determination  
 Thus set it downe : he shall with speede to *England*,  
 For the deuaund of our neglected tribute,  
 Haply the seas, and countries different,  
 With variable obiects, shall expell  
 This something settled matter in his hart,  
 Whereon his braines still beating  
 Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.  
 What thinke you on't ?

[See p. 37 I]

*Pol.* It shall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and commencement of his greefe,  
 Sprung from neglected loue : How now *Ophelia* ?  
 You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,  
 We heard it all : my Lord doe as you please,  
 But if you hold it fit, after the play,  
 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him  
 To shew his grieve, let her be round with him,  
 And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare  
 Of all their conference, if she find him not,  
 To *England* send him : or confine him where  
 Your wisedome best shall thinke.

*King.* It shall be so,  
 Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

*Exeunt.**Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as lieue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently , for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothneffe, ô it offendes me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe  
 tere

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,  
 To split the eares of the ignorant, who for the (noises,  
 Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and  
 I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant  
 It out, Herodes Herod.

*players* My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that  
 among vs.

*Ham.* The better, the better, mend it all together:  
 There be fellowes that I haue seene play,  
 And heard others commend them, and that highly too,  
 That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,  
 Nor Turke, haue so struttred and bellowed,  
 That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen  
 Had made men, and not made them well,  
 They imitated humanitie, so abominable:  
 Take heede, auoyde it.

*players* I warrant you my Lord.

*Ham.* And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake  
 More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you  
 That will laugh themselues, to set on some  
 Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,  
 Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play  
 Then to be obserued: O tis vile, and shewes  
 A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.  
 And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute  
 Of iesarts, as a man is knowne by one sute of  
 Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his iesarts downe  
 In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:  
 Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge? and, you owe me  
 A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullifon:  
 And, your beere is fowre: and, blabbering with his lips,  
 And thus keeping in his cinkapase of iesarts,  
 When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest  
 Vnleffe by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:  
 Maisters tell him of it.

*players* We will my Lord.

*Ham.* Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.*

*Horatio.* Heere my Lord.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art euen as iust a man,  
 As e're my conuerstation cop'd withall.

*Hor.* O my lord!

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vwho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

*Player.* I warrant your honour.

*Hamlet.* Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action , with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature : For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is , to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature ; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh , cannot but make the iudicious greeue , the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play , and heard others praysd, and that highly , not to speake it prophanelly, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian , Pagan, nor man, haue so struttred & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well , they imitated humanitie so abominably,

*Player.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselfes laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke ?

*Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.*

*Pol.* And the Queene to, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to haften the.

*Rof.* I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

*Ham.* What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

*Hora.* Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

*Ham.* *Horatio,* thou art een as iuft a man  
As ere my conuerstion copt withall.

*Hor.* O my deere Lord.

*Ham.* Nay

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* Nay why should I flatter thee?  
 Why should the poore be flattered?  
 What gaine should I receiue by flattering thee,  
 That nothing hath but thy good minde?  
 Let flattery fit on those time-pleasing tonges,  
 To glowe with them that loues to heare their praise,  
 And not with such as thou *Horatio*.

There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue  
 Comes very neere the murder of my father,  
 When thou shalt see that A&t afoote,  
 Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,

For I mine eies will riuet to his face:  
 And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,  
 It is a damned ghoſt that we haue feene.  
*Horatio*, haue a care, obserue him well.  
*Hor.* My lord, mine eies ſhall ſtill be on his face,  
 And not the ſmalleſt alteration  
 That ſhall appeare in him, but I ſhall note it.  
*Ham.* Harke, they come.

*Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords.* (a play?  
*King* How now ſon *Hamlet*, how fare you, ſhall we haue  
*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,  
For what aduancement may I hope from thee  
That no reuenew hast but thy good spirits  
To feede and clothe thee, why shoulde the poore be flattered ?  
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,  
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fauning ; doost thou heare,  
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,  
And could of men distinguishe her election,  
S'hath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been  
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,  
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards  
Haft tane with equall thanks ; and blest are those  
Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,  
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger  
To found what stope she please : giue me that man  
That is not paſſions flauē, and I will weare him  
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart  
As I doe thee. Something too much of this.  
There is a play to night before the King,  
One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance  
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,  
I prethee when thou ſeest that act a foote,  
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule  
Obſerue my Vnkle, if his occulted guilt  
Doe not it ſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,  
It is a damned ghost that we haue feene,  
And my imaginations are as foule  
As *Vulcans* ftithy ; giue him heedfull note,  
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,  
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne  
In censure of his ſeeming.

*Hor.* Well my lord,  
If a ſteale ought the whilſt this play is playing  
And ſcape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,  
Polonius, Ophelia.*

*Ham.* They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

Get

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,  
feede a the ayre.

I father : My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.

*Cor.* That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

*Ham.* What did you enact there?

*Cor.* My lord, I did act *Iulius Cæsar*, I was killed  
in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

*Ham.* It was a brute parte of him,  
To kill so capitall a calfe.

Come, be these Players ready?

*Queene* Hamlet come fit downe by me.

*Ham.* No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-  
Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth: (tractiue :  
To lay my head in your lappe?

*Ofel.* No my Lord. (trary matters?

*Ham.* Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-

*Enter*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our cosin *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Excellent yfaith,  
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,  
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

*King.* I haue nothing with this aunswere *Hamlet*,  
These words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord.  
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

*Pol.* That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

*Ham.* What did you enact?  
*Pol.* I did enact *Iulus Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,  
Brutus kild mee.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,  
Be the Players readie?

*Rof.* I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

*Ger.* Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

*Ham.* No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.

*Pol.* O ho, doe you marke that.

*Ham.* Lady shall I lie in your lap?

*Ophe.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

*Oph.* I thinke nothing my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

*Oph.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry my Lord.

*Ham.* Who I?

*Oph.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* O God your onely Ligge-maker, what shoulde a man doe but  
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my  
father died within's two howres.

*Oph.* Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

*Ham.* So long, nay then let the deuel weare blacke, for I haue a  
sute of sables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,  
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a  
yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer  
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for  
ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downe in an Arbor, she leaves him : Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and goes away : Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead : and goes away with the other.*

*Ofel.* What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*

*Ham.* This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

*Ofel.* What doth this meane my lord?

*Ham.* you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

*Ofel.* Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

*Ham.* I, or any shew youle shew him,

Be not afeard to shew, hee'l not be afeard to tell:

O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'l tell all.

*Prol.* For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stowpiug to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

*Ham.* I'ft a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?

*Ofel.* Tis short my Lord.

*Ham.* As womens loue.

*Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.*

*Duke* Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,

Since happy time ioynd both our hearts as one:

And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,

Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines

Of musicke, which whilome please mine eare,

Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:

And thereforc sweete Nature must pay his due,

To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you.

*Dutcheffe* O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,  
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

*Duke*

*Prince of Denmark.*

*The Trumpets sounds. Dumble show followes.*

*Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or fourre come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner woos the Queene with gifts, shewes seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.*

*Oph.* VVhat meanes this my Lord ?

*Ham.* Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischiefe.

*Oph.* Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*  
The Players cannot keepe, theyle tell all.

*Oph.* Will a tell vs what this show meant ?

*Ham.* I, or any show that you will shew him, be not you ashamed to shew, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

*Prologue.* For vs and for our Tragedie,  
Heere stooping to your clemencie,  
We begge your hearing patiently.

*Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring ?

*Oph.* Tis breefe my Lord.

*Ham.* As womans loue.

*Enter King and Queene.*

*King.* Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round  
*Neptunes* salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,  
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene  
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene  
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands  
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

*Quee.* So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone  
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,  
But woe is me, you are so fickle of late,  
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,  
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,  
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing muist.

For

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Duke* Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,  
Thon maist(perchance)haue a more noble mate,  
More wife,more youthfull, and one.

*Dutcheffe* O speake no more, for then I am accurst,  
None weds the second, but she kils the first:

A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*Ham.* O wormewood,wormewood!

*Duke* I doe beleue you sweete,what now you speake,  
But what we doe determine oft we breake,

For

*Prince of Denmarke.*

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,  
 And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,  
 Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,  
 Now what my Lord is prooфе hath made you know,  
 And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,  
 Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,  
 Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

*King.* Faith I muſt leauē thee love, and shortly to,  
 My operant powers their functiōns leauē to do,  
 And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behind,  
 Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,  
 For husband ſhalt thou.

*Quee.* O confound the reſt,  
 Such loue muſt needes be treason in my brest,  
 In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,  
 None wed the ſecond but who kild the firſt.  
 The iſtances that ſecond marriage moue  
 Are bafe respects of thrift, but none of loue,  
 A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,  
 When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.

*King.* I doe belieue you thiſke what now you ſpeake,  
 But what we doe determine, oft we breake,  
 Purpose is but the flauē to memorie,  
 Of violent birth, but poore validitie,  
 Which now the fruite vripe ſticks on the tree,  
 But fall vnhaken when they mellow bee.  
 Moſt neceſſary tis that we forget  
 To pay our felues what to our felues is debt,  
 What to our felues in paſſion we propoſe,  
 The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,  
 The violence of eyther, grieſe, or ioy,  
 Their owne ennauctures with themſelues deſtroy,  
 Where ioy moſt reuels, grieſe doth moſt lament,  
 Greefe ioy, ioy grieſes, on ſlender accedent,  
 This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,  
 That euen our loues ſhould with our fortunes change:  
 For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,  
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.  
 The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,

*Ham.* That's  
wormwood

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

For our demises stile are ouerthrowne,  
 Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:  
 So thinke you will no second husband wed,  
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

*Dutcheffe* Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,  
 If once a widdow,euer I be wife.

*Ham.* If she should breake now.

*Duke* T'is deepeley sworne,sweete leaue me here a while,  
 My spirites growe dull , and faine I would beguile the tedi-  
 ous time with sleepe.

*Dutcheffe* Sleepe rock thy braine,  
 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*

*Ham.* Madam, how do you like this play?

*Queene* The Lady protests too much.

*Ham.* O but shee'l keepe her word.

*King* Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence  
 in it?

*Ham.* No offence in the world,poyson iniest,poison in

*King* What do you call the name of the phy? (iest.

*Ham.* Mouse-trap:mary how trapically:this play is  
 The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*

Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*,

Father,it is a knauish peece a worke:but what

A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free  
 Soules,let the galld iade wince, this is one

*Lucianus* nephew to the King.

*Ofel.* Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret the loue you beare , if I fawe the  
 poopies

*Prince of Denmarke.*

The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,  
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,  
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seafons him his enemy.

But orderly to end where I begunne,  
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,  
That our deuises stll are ouerthrowne,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,  
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

*Quee.* Nor earth to me glie foode, nor heauen light,  
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,  
To desperation turne my trust and hope,  
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,  
Each opposite that blancks the face of ioy,  
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,  
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,     *Ham.* If the shoulde  
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.                      breake it now.

*King.* Tis deeply sworne, sweet leauue me heere a while,  
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleepe.

*Quee.* Sleepe rock thy braine,  
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.         *Exeunt.*

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Quee.* The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

*Ham.* O but shee'le keepe her word.

*King.* Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No,no,they do but iest, poyson in iest,no offence i'th world.

*King.* What doe you call the play?

*Ham.* The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image  
of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name , his wife  
*Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of  
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,  
let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*  
*cianus*, Nephew to the King.

*Enter Lucianus.*

*Oph.* You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

poopies dallying.

*Ofel.* Y'are very pleasant my lord.

*Ham.* Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mother lookes, my father died within these two houres.

*Ofel.* Nay, t'is twice two months,my Lord.

*Ham.* Two months,nay then let the diuell weare blacke, For i'le haue a sute of Sables : Iesus, two months dead, And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outlive memorie, But by my faith hee must build churches then, Or els hee must follow the old Epitithe, With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.

*Ofel.* Your iests are keene my Lord.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groning to take them off.

*Ofel.* Still better and worse.

*Ham.* So you must take your husband. begin. Murdred Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

*Murd.* Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time Confederate seafon, else no creature seeing: (agreeing. Thou mixture rancke,of midnight weedes collected, With *Hecates* bane thrise blasted, thrise infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie, One wholesome life vsurps immediately. *exit.*

*Ham.* Hepoysons him for his estate.

*King* Lights, I will to bed.

*Cor.* The king rises,lights hoe.

*Exeunt King and Lordes.*

*Ham.* What,frighted with false fires? Then let the stricken deere goe weepe, The Hart vngalled play, For some must laugh, while some must weepe, Thus runnes the world away.

*Hor.* The king is mooued my lord.

*Hor.* I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

*Enter*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

If I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* You are keene my lord, you are keene.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

*Oph.* Still better and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,  
Considerat seaon els no creature seeing,  
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,  
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blafted, thrice inuected,  
Thy naturall magick, and dire property,  
On wholsome life vsurps immediatly.

*Ham.* A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

*Oph.* The King rises.

*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Giue ore the play.

*King.* Giue me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

*Ham.* Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,  
The Hart vngauled play,  
For some must watch while some must sleepe,  
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

*Hora.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon deere*  
This Realme dismantled was  
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere  
A very very paiock.

*Hora.* You might haue rym'd.

*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'ft perceiue?

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet**Enter Roffencraft and Gilderstone.**Roff.* Now my lord, how i'ft with you?*Ham.* And if the king like not the tragedy,  
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.*Roff.* We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,  
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture  
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-*Gil.* My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.  
*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.*Roff.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,  
For if the King like not the Comedie,  
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.  
Come, some musique.

*Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.*

*Guyl.* Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir a whole historie.

*Guyl.* The King sir.

*Ham.* I sir, what of him ?

*Guyl.* Is in his retirement meruilos distempred.

*Ham.* With drinke sir ?

*Guyl.* No my Lord, with choller,

*Ham.* Your wisedom should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie  
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation , would  
perhaps plunge him into more choller.

*Guyl.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,  
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

*Ham.* I am tame sir, pronounce.

*Guyl.* The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,  
hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guyl.* Nay good my Lord, this curteſie is not of the right breedē, if  
it ſhall pleafe you to make me a wholsome aunſwere, I will doe your  
mothers commaundment, if not, your pardon and my returne, ſhall  
be the end of busines.

*Ham.* Sir I cannot.

*Rof.* What my Lord.

*Ham.* Make you a wholsome anſwer, my wits diſeaſd, but fir, ſuch  
anſwere as I can make, you ſhall commaund, or rather as you ſay, my  
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you ſay.

*Rof.* Then thus ſhe ſayes, your behauour hath strooke her into a-  
mazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful ſonne that can ſo ſtoniſh a mother, but is there  
no ſequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

*Rof.* She defiſes to ſpeake with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother, haue you any  
further trade with vs ?

*Rof.* My Lord, you once did loue me.

*Ham.* And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and stealers.

*Rof.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Roff.* But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?

*Ham.* I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

*Roff.* Alas my lord I cannot.

*Ham.* Pray will you.

*Gil.* I haue no skill my Lord.

*Ham.* why looke, it is a thing of nothing,

T'is but stopping of these holes,

And with a little breath from your lips,

It will giue most delicate musick.

*Gil.* But this cannot wee do my Lord.

*Ham.* Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.

*Ros.* My lord wee cannot.

(me?)

*Ham.* Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of  
You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon  
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,  
And due into the secreet of my soule.

Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd

On, then a pipe ? call mee what Instrument

You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not  
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a spunge.

*Rof.* How a spunge my Lord?

*Ham.* I sir,a spunge, that sookes vp the kings  
Countenance, faours, and rewardes, that makes  
His liberalitie your store house : but such as you,  
Do the King,in the end, best seruise;  
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,  
In the corner of his Law, first mouthes you,  
Then swallows you : so when hee hath need  
Of you, t'is but squeesing of you,  
And spunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

*Rof.* Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.

*Ham* Farewell,farewell, God blesse you.

*Exit Roffencraft and Gilderstone.*

*Enter Corambis*

*Cor.* My lord, the Queene would speake with you.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?

*Cor.* T'is like a camell in deed.

*Ham.* Now me thinkes it's like a weafel.

*Cor.* T'is back't like a weafel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale.

*Cor.* Very like a whale.      *exit Coram.*

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmark.*

*Rof.* Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your grieves to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir I lacke aduaancement.

*Rof.* How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

*Enter the Players with Recorders.*

*Ham.* I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would drieue me into a toyle ?

*Guyl.* O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

*Ham.* I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe ?

*Guyl.* My lord I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guyl.* Beleeue me I cannot.

*Ham.* I doe beseech you.

*Guyl.* I know no touch of it my Lord.

*Ham.* It is as easie as lying ;gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vmbre, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

*Ham.* Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ,yet cannot you make it speake, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?

*Pol.* By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

*Ham.* Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

*Pol.* It is backt like a Wezell.

*Ham.* Or like a Whale.

*Pol.* Very like a Whale.

*Ham.* Then

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.  
Good night Horatio.

*Hor.* Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

*Ham.* My mother she hath sent to speake with me:  
O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter  
This soft bosome.  
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.  
I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,

To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.*

*Enter*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Then I will come to my mother by and by,  
 They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,  
 Leauie me friends.  
 I will, say so. By and by is easily said,  
 Tis now the very witching time of night,  
 When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out  
 Contagion to this world : now could I drinke hote blood,  
 And doe such busines as the bitter day  
 Would quake to looke on : soft, now to my mother,  
 O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer  
 The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bofome,  
 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,  
 I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,  
 My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,  
 How in my words someuer she be shent,  
 To give them seales neuer my soule consent.      *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs  
 To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,  
 I your commission will forth-with dispatch,  
 And he to *England* shall along with you,  
 The termes of our estate may not endure  
 Hazerd so neer's as doth hourely grow  
 Out of his browes.

*Guyl.* We will our felues prouide,  
 Most holy and religious feare it is  
 To keepe those many many bodies safe  
 That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

*Ros.* The single and peculier life is bound  
 With all the strength and armour of the mind  
 To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more  
 That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests  
 The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie  
 Dies not alone ; but like a gulfe doth draw  
 What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele  
 Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,  
 To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things  
 Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

*The Tragedie of Hamlet**Enter the King.*

*King.* O that this wet that falles vpon my face  
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience !  
When I looke vp to heauen,I see my trespassse,  
The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,  
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,  
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:  
O these are sinnes that are vnpardonable:  
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is ieat,  
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:  
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,  
It is an act against the vniuersall power,  
Most wretched wan,stoope,bend thee to thy prayer,  
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Each small annexment petty consequence  
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone  
Did the King ligh, but a generall grone.

*King.* Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,  
For we will fetters put about this feare  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Rof.* We will haft vs.      *Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,  
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe  
To heare the processe, I'le warrant shee'letax him home,  
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,  
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,  
Since nature makes them parciall, shoud ore-heare  
The speech of vantage ; farre you well my Leige,  
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.  
And tell you what I knowe.      *Exit.*

*King.* Thankes deere my Lord.  
O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,  
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,  
A brothers murther, pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will,  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,  
And like a man to double busines bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,  
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand  
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,  
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens  
To wash it white as snowe , whereto serues mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence ?  
And what's in prayer but this two folde force,  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon being downe,then I'le looke vp.  
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer  
Can serue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,  
That cannot be since I am still possest  
Of those effects for which I did the murther ;  
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene ;

I.

May

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*be kneeles.*      *enters Hamlet.*

*Ham.* I so, come forth and worke thy laſt,  
And thus hee dies : and ſo am I reuenged:

No,not ſo: he tooke my father ſleeping,his ſins brim full,

And how his ſoule ſtoode to the ſtate of heauen  
Who knowes, faue the immortall powres,  
And ſhall I kill him now,  
When he is purging of his ſoule?  
Making his way for heauen, this is a bencfit,

And not reuenge:no, get thee vp agen,      (drunke,  
When hee's at game fwaring, taking his carowſe, drinking  
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,  
Or at ſome aet that hath no reliſh  
Of ſaluation in't, then trip him

That

*Prince of Denmarke.*

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence ?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world,  
 Offences guilded hand may shewe by iustice,  
 And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe  
 Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,  
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
 In his true nature, and we our selues compeld  
 Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults  
 To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,  
 Try what repentance can, what can it not,  
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?  
 O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,  
 O limed soule, that strugling to be free,  
 Art more ingaged ; helpe Angels make assay,  
 Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,  
 Be soft as finnewes of the new borne babe,  
 All may be well.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,  
 And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,  
 And so am I reuendge, that would be scand  
 A villaine kills my father, and for that,  
 I his sole sonne, doe this fame villaine send  
 To heauen.  
 Why, this is bafe and silly, not reuendge,  
 A tooke my father grofyl full of bread,  
 With all his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,  
 And how his audit stands who knowes faue heauen,  
 But in our circumftance and course of thought,  
 Tis heauy with him : and am I then reuendged  
 To take him in the purging of his soule,  
 When he is fit and seafond for his passage ?  
 No.  
 Vp fword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,  
 When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,  
 Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,  
 At game a swearing, or about some act  
 That has no relish of saluation in't,

Then

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

That his heeles may kicke at heauen,

And fall as lowe as hel : my mother stayes,  
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*

*King* My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below.  
No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*

*Enter Queene and Corambis.*

*Cor.* Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,  
I'le shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

*Queene* Do so my Lord.

*Ham.* Mother,mother, O are you here?  
How i'ft with you mother?

*Queene* How i'ft with you?

*Ham.* I'le tell you, but first weeble make all safe.

*Queene* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

*Queene* How now boy?

*Ham.* How now mother! come here,sit downe, for you  
shall heare me speake.

*Queene* What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me :  
Helpoe hoe.

*Cor.* Helpe for the Queene.

*Ham.* I a Rat,dead for a Duckat.

Rash intruding foole,farewell,  
I tooke thee for thy better.

*Queene* Hamlet,what hast thou done?

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,  
And that his soule may be as damnd and black  
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staines,  
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*

*King.* My words fly vp, thy thoughts remaine belowe  
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

*Enter Gertrard and Polonius.*

*Pol.* A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,  
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,  
And that your grace hath screened and stood betweene  
Much heate and him, I'le silence me euen heere,  
Pray you be round.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ger.* Ile wait you, feare me not,  
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

*Ham.* Now mother, what's the matter ?

*Ger.* *Hamlet,* thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

*Ger.* Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Ger.* Why how now Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now ?

*Ger.* Haue you forgot me?

*Ham.* No by the rood not so,  
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,  
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

*Ger.* Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,  
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse  
Where you may see the most part of you.

*Ger.* What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,  
Helpe how.

*Pol.* What how helpe.

*Ham.* How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

*Pol.* O I am flaine.

*Ger.* O me, what haft thou done ?

*Ham.* Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* Not so much harme, good mother,  
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queene* How! kill a king!

*Ham.* I a King:nay fit you downe, and ere you part,

If you be made of penitralle stiffe,  
I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,  
And see how horride there and blacke it shews. (words?  
*Queene* Hamlet , what mean'st thou by these killing

*Ham.* Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,  
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,

See here a face, to outface *Mars* himselfe,  
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,

A front wherein all vertues are set downe  
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,  
Whose heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,  
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.

Murdred,

*Prince of Denmark.*

*Ger.* O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

*Ham.* A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother ..  
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

*Ger.* As kill a King.

*Ham.* I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,  
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,  
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,  
Leave wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,  
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall  
If it be made of penitirable stuffe,  
If damned custome haue not bras'd it so,  
That it be prooef and bulwark against fence.

*Ger.* What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act  
That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,  
Cals vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose  
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,  
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes  
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soule, and sweet religion makes  
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe  
Ore this solidity and compound masse  
With heated vifage, as against the doome  
Is thought sick at the act

*Quee.* Ay me, what act?

*Ham.* That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,  
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,  
See what a grace was seated on this browe,  
*Hiperions* curles, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,  
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,  
A station like the herald *Mercury*,  
New lighted on a heauie, a kising hill,  
A combination and a forme indeede,  
Where euery God did feeme to set his seale  
To giue the world assurance of a man,

This

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,  
 Looke you now, here is your husband,  
 With a face like *Vulcan*.

A looke fit for a murder and a rape,  
 A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,  
 To affright children and amaze the world:

And this same haue you left to change with this.

What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?  
 A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him  
 That flew my father, and your deere husband,  
 To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

*Queene* O Hamlet, speake no more.

*Ham.* To leauē him that bare a Monarkes minde,  
 For a king of clowts, of very shreads.

*Queene* Sweete Hamlet ceafe.

*Ham.* Nay but still to perfist and dwell in finne,  
 To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,  
 To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.

*Queene* Hamlet, no more.

*Ham.* Why appetite with you is in the waine,  
 Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,  
 Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,  
 When lust shall dwell within a matron's breast?

*Queene*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,  
 Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,  
 Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,  
 Could you on this faire mountaine leauue to feede,  
 And batten on this Moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?  
 You cannot call it loue, for at your age  
 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement  
 Would step from this to this, fence sure youe haue  
 Els could you not haue motion, but sure that fence  
 Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre  
 Nor fence to extacie was nere so thral'd  
 But it reseru'd some quantity of choise  
 To serue in such a difference, what deuill waft  
 That thus hath cosund you at hodman blind ;  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true fence  
 Could not so mope : ô shame where is thy blush ?  
 Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,  
 To flaming youth let vertue be as wax  
 And melt in her owne fire, proclame no shame  
 When the compulsive ardure giues the charge,  
 Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth burne,  
 And reasoun pardons will.

*Ger.* O *Hamlet* speake no more,  
 Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,  
 And there I see such blacke and greeued spots  
 As will leauue there their tin'et.

*Ham.* Nay but to liue  
 In the ranck sweat of an inseemed bed  
 Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue  
 Ouer the nasty stie.

*Ger.* O speake to me no more,  
 These words like daggers enter in my eares ,  
 No more sweete *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* A murtherer and a villaine,  
 A flauue that is not twentith part the kyth

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 64] *Queene* Hamlet, thou cleaves my heart in twaine.

*Ham.* O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.

*Enter the ghost in his night gowne.*

Saue me, saue me, you gratioues  
Powers aboue ,and houer ouer mee,  
With your celestiall wings.  
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,  
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?  
O do not glare with lookeſ ſo pittifull!  
Left that my heart of ſtone yelde to compaſſion,  
And every part that ſhould affiſt reuenge,  
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

*Ghoſt* Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee:  
To put thee in remembrance of my death:  
Doe not negleſt, nor long time put it off.  
But I perceiue by thy diſtracted lookeſ,  
Thy mother's fearefull, and ſhe stands amazde:  
Speake to her Hamlet, for her ſex is weake,  
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thiſke on me.

*Ham.* How i'ſt with you Lady?

*Queene* Nay, how i'ſt with you  
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,  
And holde diſcourse with nothing but with ayre?

*Ham.* Why doe you nothing heare?

*Queene* Not I.

*Ham.* Nor do you nothing ſee?

*Queene* No neither.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,  
 A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,  
 That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole  
 And put it in his pocket.

*Ger.* No more.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.* A King of shreds and patches,  
 Sae me and houer ore me with your wings  
 You heauenly gards : what would your gracious figure?

*Ger.* Alas hee's mad.

*Ham.* Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,  
 That lap'ft in time and passion lets goe by  
 Th'important acting of your dread command, ô fay.

*Ghost.* Doe not forget, this visitation  
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,  
 But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,  
 O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,  
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,  
 Speake to her *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* How is it with you Lady?

*Ger.* Alas how i'ft with you ?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,  
 And with th'in corporall ayre doe hold discourse,  
 Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
 And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,  
 Your bedded haire like life in excrements  
 Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne  
 Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
 Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke. ?

*Ham.* On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,  
 His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones  
 Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,  
 Leaft with this pittious action you conuert  
 My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe  
 Will want true culour, teares perchance for blood.

*Ger.* To whom doe you speake this ?

*Ham.* Doe you see nothing there ?

*Ger.* Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing heare ?

*Ger.* No nothing but our selues.

*Ham.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

(habite

*Ham.* No, why see the king my father, my father, in the  
 As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,  
 See how he steales away out of the Portall,  
 Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

*Queene* Alas, it is the weaknesse of thy braine,  
 Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts grieve:  
 But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,  
 I neuer knew of this most horride murder:  
 But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,  
 And for my loue forget these idle fits.

*Ham.* Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,  
 It is not madnesse that possefseth Hamlet.  
 O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,

Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,  
 And win your selfe by little as you may,  
 In time it may be you will lothe him quite:  
 And mother, but affist mee in reuenge,  
 And in his death your infamy shall die.

*Queene*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,  
 My father in his habit as he liued,  
 Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.      *Exit Ghost.*

*Ger.* This is the very coynage of your braine,  
 This bodilesse creation extacie is very cunning in.

*Ham.* My pulfe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,  
 And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse  
 That I haue vtred, bring me to the test,  
 And the matter will reword, which madnesse  
 Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,  
 Lay not that flattering vncion to your soule,  
 That not your trespaſſe but my madnesse speakes,  
 It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place  
 Whiles ranck corruption mining all within  
 Infects vnfene, confesse your ſelfe to heauen,  
 Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,  
 And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weedes  
 To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,  
 For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times  
 Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,  
 Yea curbe and wooe for leauē to doe him good.

*Ger.* O *Hamlet* thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.

[See p. 63 I]

*Ham.* O throwe away the worſer part of it,  
 And leauē the purer with the other halfe,  
 Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,  
 Affune a vertue if you haue it not,  
 That monſter custome, who all ſenſe doth eate  
 Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this  
 That to the vſe of actions faire and good,  
 He likewiſe giues a frock or Liuery  
 That aptly is put on to refraine night,  
 And that ſhall lend a kind of easines  
 To the next abſtinence, the next more easie:  
 For vſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,  
 And either the deuill, or throwe him out  
 With wonderous potency: once more good night,  
 And when you are diſirous to be bleſſt  
 Ile bleſſing beg of you, for this ſame Lord  
 I doe repente; but heauen hath pleaſd it ſo

To

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiesty,  
That knowes our thoughts, and lookest into our hearts,  
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,  
What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.*

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister,  
I will bestowe him and will answere well  
The death I gaue him ; so againe good night  
I must be cruell only to be kinde,  
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.  
One word more good Lady.

*Ger.* What shall I doe?

*Ham.* Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,  
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,  
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,  
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,  
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.  
Make you to rouell all this matter out  
That I essentially am not in madnesse,  
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,  
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,  
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,  
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,  
No, in dispight of fence and secrecy,  
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,  
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,  
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,  
And breake your owne necke downe.

*Ger.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath  
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath  
What thou haft say'd to me.

*Ham.* I must to *England*, you knowe that.

*Ger.* Alack I had forgot.  
Tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,  
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,  
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way  
And marfh all me to knauery : let it worke,  
For tis the sport to haue the enginer  
Hoift with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard  
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,  
And blowe them at the Moone : ô tis most sweete  
When in one line two crafts dire&ly meete,

This

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

That knowes our thoughts, and lookeſ into our hearts,  
I will conceale, conſent, and doe my beſt,  
What ſtratagem ſoe're thou ſhalt deuife.

*Ham.* It is enough, mother good night:  
Come fir, I'le prouide for you a graue,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.

*Exit Hamlet with the dead body.*

*Enter the King and Lordes.*

*King* Now Gertred, what ſayes our ſonne, how doe you  
finde him?

*Queene* Alas my lord, as raging as the ſea:  
Whenas he came, I firſt beſpake him faire,  
But then he throwes and toſſes me about,  
As one forgetting that I was his mother:  
At laſt I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*  
Call'd, which Hamlet no ſooner heard, but whips me  
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage  
The good olde man he killēs.

*King* Why this his madneſſe will vndoe our ſtate.

Lordes

*Prince of Denmarke.*

This man shall set me packing,  
 Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;  
 Mother good night indeed, this Counfayler  
 Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,  
 Who was in life a most fooliish prating knaue.  
 Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
 Good night mother.      *Exit.*

*Eenter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus  
 and Guyldensterne.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,  
 You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,  
 Where is your sonne ?

*Ger.* Bestow this place on vs a little while.  
 Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I feene to night ?

*King.* What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

*Ger.* Mad as the sea and wind when both contend  
 Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,  
 Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,  
 Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,  
 And in this brainish apprehension kills  
 The vnfeene good old man.

*King.* O heauy deede !  
 It had beene so with vs had wee been there,  
 His libertie is full of threatnes to all,  
 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,  
 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd ?  
 It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence  
 Should haue kept shourt, restraind, and out of haunt  
 This mad young man ; but so much was our loue,  
 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,  
 But like the owner of a soule disease  
 To keepe it from divulging, let it feede  
 Euen on the pith of life : where is he gone ?

*Ger.* To draw apart the body he hath kild,  
 Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore  
 Among a minerall of mettals base,  
 Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

*King.* O *Gertrard*, come away,

K.

The

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

*Gil.* We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*

*King* Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,  
His shpping is already furnished,  
And we haue sent by *Roffencraft* and *Gilderstone*,  
Our letters to our deare brother of England,  
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:  
Happily the aire and climate ofthe Country  
May please him better than his native home:  
See where he comes.

*Gil.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

The funne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,  
 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede  
 We must with all our Maiestie and skill      *Enter Ros. & Guild.*  
 Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho *Gyldensterne*,  
 Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,  
*Hamlet* in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,  
 And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,  
 Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body  
 Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,  
 Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wifest friends,  
 And let them know both what we meane to doe  
 And whats vntimely doone,  
 Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,  
 As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,  
 Transports his poysned shot, may misse our Name,  
 And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,  
 My soule is full of discord and dismay.      *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.*

*Ham.* Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?  
 O heere they come.

*Ros.* What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

*Ros.* Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,  
 And beare it to the Chappell.

*Ham.* Doe not beleuee it.

*Ros.* Beleeue what.

*Ham.* That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides  
 to be demaunded of a spunge, what repycation should be made by  
 the sonne of a King.

*Ros.* Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

*Ham.* I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his  
 authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he  
 keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be  
 last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-  
 sing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

*Ros.* I vnderstand you not my Lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

*Ros.* My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs  
 to the King.

*Hamlet.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.*

*Gil.* My lord, we can by no meanes  
Know of him where the body is.

*King* Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

*Ham.* At supper, not where he is eating, but  
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes  
are euen now at him.

Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar  
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:  
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme  
That hath eaten of a King,  
And a Beggar eate that fish,  
Which that worme hath caught.

*King* What of this?

*Ham.* Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King  
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

*King*

## *Prince of Denmark.*

*Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

*Guyl.* A thing my Lord.

*Ham.* Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt*

*Enter King, and two or three.*

*King.* I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,  
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,  
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,  
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,  
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,  
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed  
But neuer the offence : to beare all smooth and euen,  
This fuddaine sending him away must seeme  
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,  
By desperat applyance are relieu'd  
Or not at all.

*Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.*

*Enter Rosencrantz and all the rest*

**Ros.** Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord  
VVe cannot get from him.

*King. But where is hee?*

Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure

**King.** Bring him before vs.

*Ros.* How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

*King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

### *Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper, where.

*Ham.* Not where he eates , but where a is eaten , a certaine conuac-  
cation of politique wormes are een at him : your worme is your onely  
Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs , and wee fat our  
selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but varia-  
ble seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

*King.* Álas, alas.

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

*King. King.* VVhat doost thou meane by this?

*Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progressse

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*King* But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?

*Ham.* In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,  
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below  
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,  
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.

*King* Make haste and finde him out.

*Ham.* Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,  
I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come.

*King* Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you; but specially  
in tender preseruation of your health,  
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,  
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,  
The winde sits faire, you shall aboorde to night.  
*Lord Roffencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.

*Ham.* O with all my heart:farewel mother.

*King* Your louing father, *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* My mother I say:you married my mother,  
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,  
And so (my mother)farewel:for England hoe.

*exeunt all but the king.*

*king* Gertred, leaue me,  
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,  
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:  
Our Letters are vnto the King of England,  
That on the sight of them, on his allegiance,  
He prestently without demaunding why,  
That *Hamlet* loose his head, for he must die,  
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:

*Prince of Denmarke.*

through the guts of a begger.

*King.* Where is *Polonius*?

*Ham.* In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thrre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.

*King.* Goe seeke him there.

*Ham.* A will stay till you come.

*King.* *Hamlet* this deede for thine especiall safety  
Which we doe tender, as we deerely grieue  
For that which thou haft done, must send thee hence.  
Therefore prepare thy selfe,  
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,  
Th'affociats tend, and euery thing is bent  
For *England*.

*Ham.* For *England*.

*King.* I *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it if thou knew'ſt our purposes.

*Ham.* I ſee a Cherub that fees the, but come for *England*,  
Farewell deere Mother.

*King.* Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,  
Man and wife is one flesh, ſo my mother:  
Come for *England*.      *Exit*.

*King.* Follow him at foote,  
Tempt him with ſpeede abord,  
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.  
Away, for every thing is feald and done  
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make haſt,  
And *England*, if my loue thou hold'ſt at ought,  
As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,  
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookeſ raw and red,  
After the Danish fword; and thy free awe  
Payes homage to vs, thou mayſt not coldly ſet  
Our ſoueraigne procesſe, which imports at full  
By Letters congruing to that effect  
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,  
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,

And

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit.*

*Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.*

*Fort.* Captaine, from vs goe greetē

The king of Denmarke:

Tell him that *Fortenbrasse* nephew to old *Norway*,

Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,

According to the Articles agreed on:

You know our Randevoys, goe march away. *exit all.*

*enter*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

And thou must cure me; till I knowe tis done,  
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin.     *Exit.*

*Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the stage.*

*Fortin.* Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danith King,  
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*  
Craues the conueyance of a promisd march  
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,  
If that his Maieftie would ought with vs,  
We shall exprefse our dutie in his eye,  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will doo't my Lord.

*For.* Goe softly on.

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.*

*Ham.* Good fir whose powers are theſe?

*Cap.* They are of *Norway* fir.

*Ham.* How purpoſd fir I pray you?

*Cap.* Against ſome part of *Poland*.

*Ham.* Who commaunds them fir?

*Cap.* The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

*Ham.* Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* fir,

Or for ſome frontire?

*Cap.* Truly to ſpeake, and with no addition,

We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name

To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it;

Nor will it yeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*

A rancker rate, ſhould it be fold in fee.

*Ham.* Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, it is already garifond.

*Ham.* Two thouſand ſoules, & twenty thouſand duckets

VVill not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw,

This is th'Impoſtume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breakes, and ſhowes no cauſe without

Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you fir.

*Cap.* God buy you fir.

*Rof.* Wil't please you goe my Lord?

*Ham.* Ile be with you ſtraight, goe a little before.

How all occaſions doe informe againſt me,

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*enter King and Queene.*

*King Hamlet* is ship't for England,fare him well,  
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,

If

*Prince of Denmarke.*

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man  
 If his chiefe good and market of his time  
 Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more :  
 Sure he that made vs with such large discourse  
 Looking before and after, gauë vs not  
 That capabilitie and god-like reason  
 To fust in vs vnvfd, now whether it be  
 Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple  
 Of thinking too precifely on th'euent,  
 A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisedom,  
 And euer three parts coward, I doe not know  
 Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,  
 Sith I haue caufe, and will, and strength, and meanes  
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,  
 Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,  
 Whose spirit with diuine ambition puft,  
 Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,  
 Exposing what is mortall, and vnsure,  
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
 Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,  
 Is not to stirre without great argument,  
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw  
 When honour's at the stake, how stand I then  
 That haue a father kild, a mother staind,  
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,  
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
 That for a fantasie and tricke of fame  
 Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
 Which is not tombe enough and continent  
 To hide the slaine, ô from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.      *Exit.*

*Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.*

*Quee.* I will not speake with her.

*Gent.* Shee is importunat,  
 Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

*Quee.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

If euery thing fall out to our content,  
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

*Queene* God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:  
But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,  
Hath pierced so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,  
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

*King* Alas deere heart! And on the other side,  
We vnderstand her brother's comefrom *France*,  
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,  
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,  
Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

*Qu.* O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her baire  
downe singing.*

*Ofelia* How shoulde I your true loue know  
From another man?  
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,  
And his sandall shooone.  
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,  
Larded with sweete flowers,  
That bewept to the graue did not goe  
With true louers flowers:  
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasse greene turffe,  
At his heelles a stone.

*king* How i'ft with you sweete *Ofelia*?  
*Ofelia* Well God yeeld you.

It

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Quee.* What would she haue?

*Gent.* She speakes much of her father, fayes she heares  
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,  
Spurnes eniuously at strawes, speakes things in doubt  
That carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing,  
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue  
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,  
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,  
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeld them,  
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought  
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

*Hora.* Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew  
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,  
Let her come in.

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Quee.* To my sicke soule, as finnes true nature is,  
Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,  
So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,  
It spills it selfe in fearing to be spylt.

*Oph.* Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke?

*Quee.* How now *Ophelia?* *shee sings,*

*Oph.* How should I your true loue know from another one,  
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shooone.

*Quee.* Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you, nay pray you marke,  
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*  
At his head a grafgreene turph, at his heele a stone.  
O ho.

*Quee.* Nay but *Ophelia.*

*Oph.* Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

*Enter King.*

*Quee.* Alas looke heere my Lord.

*Oph.* Larded all with sweet flowers,  
Which beweep to the ground did not go *Song.*  
With true loue flowers,

*King.* How doe you pretty Lady?

*Oph.* Well good didl you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,  
Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.  
God be at your table.

*King.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,  
 I could not chufe but weepe:

[See p. II 76] And will he not come againe?  
 And will he not come againe?  
 No,no,hee's gone, and we caſt away mone,  
 And he neuer will come againe.  
 His beard as white as ſnowe:  
 All flaxen was his pole,  
 He is dead, he is gone,  
 And we caſt away moane:  
 God a mercy on his ſoule.  
 And of all christen ſoules I pray God.  
 God be with you Ladies,God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*  
*king* A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:  
 O Time, how ſwiftly runnes our ioyes away?  
 Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,  
 To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.

How

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*King.* Conceit vpon her Father.

*Oph.* Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you [See p. 76 I]  
what it meanes,fay you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

[See p. 77 I]

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber doore,  
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

*King.* Pretty *Ophelia.*

*Oph.* Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,  
By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doot if they come too't,  
by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promisd me to wed,  
(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadft not come to my bed.

*King.* How long hath she beene thus?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse  
but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother  
shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come  
my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladys god night, god night.

*King.* Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poysone of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers  
death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard,*

When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,

But in battalians: first her Father flaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire judgement,

VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secreit come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,

And

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

How now, what noyse is that?

*A noyse within.*      enter Leartes.

*Lear.* Stay there vntill I come,

O thou vilde king, giue me my father:  
Speake, say, where's my father?

*king*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare  
 With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,  
 Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,  
 Will nothing stick our person to arraigne  
 In eare and eare : ô my deare *Gertrard*, this  
 Like to a murdring peece in many places  
 Giues me superfluous death.      *A noise within.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*King.* Attend, where is my Swiflers, let them guard the doore,  
 What is the matter ?

*Mess.* Sause your selfe my Lord.  
 The Ocean ouer-peering of his list  
 Eates not the flats with more impitious hast  
 Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head  
 Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,  
 And as the world were now but to beginne,  
 Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,  
 The ratifiers and props of euery word,  
 The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,  
 Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,  
*Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King.

*Quee.* How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*  
 O this is counter you falfe Danish dogges.

*Enter Laertes with others.*

*King.* The doores are broke.

*Laer.* Where is this King ? firs stand you all without.

*All.* No lets come in.

*Laer.* I pray you giue me leaue.

*All.* VVe will, we will.

*Laer.* I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,  
 Giue me my father.

*Quee.* Calmely good *Laertes*.

*Laer.* That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,  
 Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot  
 Euen heere betweene the chraft vnsmirched browe  
 Of my true mother.

*King.* VVhat is the cause *Laertes*  
 That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like ?

L.

Let

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*king* Dead.

*Lear.* Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not  
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.

*Queene* True, but not by him.

*Lear.* By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.

*king* Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,  
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,  
That treason dares not looke on.

Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,  
T'is true, and we most sory for it,  
Being the chiefest piller of our state:

Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,  
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

*Lear.* To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,

And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,

I will no reconcilement but by bloud.

*king* Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:  
And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,  
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,  
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

*Enter Ofelia as before.*

*Lear.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,  
 There's such diuinicie doth hedge a King,  
 That treason can but peepe to what it would,  
 A& s little of his will, tell me *Laertes*  
 Why thou art thus incenſt, let him goe *Gertrard*.  
 Speake man.

*Laer.* Where is my father ?

*King.* Dead.

*Quee.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demaund his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,  
 To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,  
 Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit  
 I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,  
 That both the worlds I giue to negligence,  
 Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd  
 Most throughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you ?

*Laer.* My will, not all the worlds :  
 And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,  
 They shall goe farre with little.

*King.* Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty  
 Of your deere Father, i'ft writ in your reuenge,  
 That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe  
 Winner and loofer.

*Laer.* None but his enemies,

*King.* Will you know them then ?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,  
 And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,  
 Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why now you speake  
 Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.  
 That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,  
 And am most fencibly in grieve for it,  
 It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare  
 As day dooes to your eye.      *A noyse within.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Laer.* Let her come in.  
 How now, what noyse is that ?

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Lear.* Who's this, *Ofelia?* O my deere sister!  
 I'ft poffible a yong maides life,  
 Should be as mortall as an olde mans lawe?  
 O heau'ns themselues! how now *Ofelia?*

*Ofel.* Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:  
 Here,here is rew for you,  
 You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,  
 Heere's some for me too : you must weare your rew  
 With a difference, there's a dazie.  
 Here Loue, there's rosemary for you  
 For remembrance : I pray Loue remember,  
 And there's pansey for thoughts.

*Lear.* A document in madnes, thoughts,remembrance:  
 O God, O God!

*Ofelia* There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you  
 Some violets, but they all withered, when  
 My father died : alas, they say the owle was  
 A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,  
 But can not tell what we shall be.  
 For bonny sweete Robin is all my ioy.

*Lear.* Thoughts & afflictions,torments worse than hell.

[See p. II 73]    *Ofel.* Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:  
 I pray now, you shall fing a downe,  
 And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter  
 And the false steward, and if any body  
 Aske you of any thing, say you this.  
 To morrow is faint Valentines day,  
 All in the morning betime,

And

## *Prince of Denmark.*

O heate dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt  
Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,  
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight  
Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,  
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,  
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits  
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

*Opb.* They bore him bare-faste on the Beere,  
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,  
Fare you well my Doue. Song.

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade reuenge  
It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,  
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheel becomes it,  
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more then matter.

*Oph.* There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Opbe.* There's Fennill for you, and Coblembines, there's Rewe for you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies, you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dasie, I would giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed, they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

*Laer.* Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe  
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

*Oph.* And wil a not come againe,                            *Song*

And wil a not come againe,

No, no, he is dead, goe to t

He neuer will come againe.

His beard was as white as snow,

Flaxen was his pole,

**He is gone, he is gone, and we**

God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,  
¶

**God buy you.**

*Laer.* Doe you this ô God.

*King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,  
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,*

[See p. 73 I]

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 73] And a maide at your window,  
 To be your Valentine :  
 The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,  
 And dupt the chamber doore,  
 Let in the maide, that out a maide  
 Neuer departed more.  
 Nay I pray marke now,  
 By giffle, and by saint Charitie,  
 Away, and fie for shame :  
 Yong men will doo't when they come too't :  
 By cocke they are too blame.  
 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
 You promised me to wed.  
 So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,  
 If thou hadst not come to my bed.  
 So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.  
 God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*

*Lear.* Grief vpon griefe, my father murdered,  
 My sister thus distracted :  
 Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.  
*king* Content you good Leartes for a time,  
 Although I know your griefe is as a floud,  
 Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,  
 And thinke already the reuenge is done  
 On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

*Lear.* You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,  
 To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,  
 Which once vnhearded, then the world shall heare  
 Leartes had a father he held deere.

*king* No more of that, ere many dayes be done,  
 You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

*Enter Horatio and the Queene.*

*Hor.* Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in Denmarke,  
 This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,  
 Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,  
 And subtle treason that the king had plotted,  
 Being crossed by the contention of the windes,  
 He found the Packet sent to the king of England,  
 Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,

As

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Make choice of whom your wifest friends you will,  
 And they shall heare and judge twixt you and me,  
 If by direct, or by colaturrell hand  
 They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,  
 Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours  
 To you in satisfaction ; but if not,  
 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,  
 And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule  
 To giue it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so.  
 His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,  
 No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,  
 No noble right, nor formall ostentation,  
 Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,  
 That I must call't in question.

*King.* So you shall,  
 And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.  
 I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Horatio and others.*

*Hora.* VVhat are they that would speake with me ?  
*Gent.* Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.  
*Hor.* Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world  
 I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

*Say.* God blesse you sir.  
*Hora.* Let him blesse thee to.

*Say.* A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir , it came  
 frō th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

*Hor.* *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue these fel-  
 lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him : Ere wee  
 were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue  
 vs chase, finding our selues too flow of saile, wee put on a compelled  
 valour, and in the grapple I boorded them , on the instant they got  
 cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner , they haue dealt  
 with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to  
 doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent , and  
 repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death,  
 I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are  
 they

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

As at his next conuerſion with your grace,  
He will relate the circumſtance at full.

*Queene* Then I percieue there's treafon in his lookeſ  
That ſeem'd to ſugar o're his villainie:  
But I will ſoothe and pleafe him for a time,  
For muiderous mindeſ are always jealous,  
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?

*Hor.* Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me  
To meeſe him on the eaſt ſide of the Cittie  
To morrow morning.

*Queene* O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-  
A motheſ care to him, bid him a while (mend me  
Be wary of hiſ preſence, leſt that he  
Faile in that he goes about.

*Hor.* Madam, neuer make doubt of that:  
I thiſke by thiſ the news be come to court:  
He is arriv'de, obſerue the king, and you ſhall  
Quickeſt finde, *Hamlet* being here,  
Things fell not to hiſ minde.

*Queene* But what became of *Gilderſtone* and *Roffencraft*?

*Hor.* He being ſet aſhore, they went for *England*,  
And in the Packet there writ down that doome  
To be perform'd on them poyn্তed for him:  
And by great chance he had hiſ fathers Seale,  
So all was done without diſcouerie.

*Queene* Thankes be to heauen for bleſſing of the prince,  
*Horatio* once againe I take my leauē,  
With thowſand motheſ bleſſings to my ſonne.

*Horat.* Madam adue.

*Enter King and Leartes.*

*King.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rofencraus* and *Gyldensterne* hold theyr course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

*So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.*

*Hor.* Come I will you way for these your letters,  
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King and Laertes.*

*King.* Now muft your conscience my acquittance feale,  
And you muft put me in your hart for friend,  
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,  
That he which hath your noble father flaine  
Pursued my life.

*Laer.* It well appeares : but tell mee  
Why you proceede not against these feates  
So criminall and so capitall in nature,  
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdome, all things els  
You mainely were stirr'd vp.

*King.* O for two speciall reasons  
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,  
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother  
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,  
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,  
She is so conclue to my life and soule,  
That as the starre moues not but in his sphere  
I could not but by her, the other motiue,  
Why to a publique count I might not goe,  
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,  
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,  
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stome,  
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes  
Too lightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,  
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,  
But not where I haue aym'd them.

*Laer.* And so haue I a noble father lost,  
A fister driuen into desprat termes,  
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*King.* Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?  
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

*Lear.* O he is welcome, by my soule he is:  
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,  
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.

*king* Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,  
And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.

*Lear.* My will, not all the world.

*King* Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,  
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,  
Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you  
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,  
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

*Lea.* And how for this?

*King* Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay a wager,  
Shalbe on *Hamlets* fide, and you shall giue the oddes,  
The which will draw him with a more desire,  
To try the maistry, that in twelue venies  
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,  
When you are hot in midſt of all your play,  
Among the foyles ſhall a keene rapier lie,  
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyfon,  
That if it drawes but the leaſt dramme of blood,

In any part of him, he cannot liue:

This

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

*King.* Breake not your sleepe for that, you must not thinke  
That we are made of stiffe so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,  
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,  
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,  
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

*Enter a Messenger with Letters.*

*Mess.* These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene?

*King.* From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

*Mess.* Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,  
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiuied them  
Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes you shall heare them : leauue vs.  
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,  
to morrow shall I begge leauue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first  
asking your pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine  
returne.

*King.* What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,  
And in a postscript heere he says alone,  
Can you deuise me?

*Laer.* I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,  
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart  
That I liue and tell him to his teeth  
Thus didst thou.

*King.* If it be so *Laertes*,  
As how should it be so, how otherwise,  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine owne peace, if he be now returned  
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes  
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him  
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,  
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall :

And

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

This being done will free you from suspition,  
And not the dearest friend that *Hamlet* lov'de  
Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.

*Lear.*

*Prince of Denmark.*

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,  
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practife,  
And call it accedent.

*Laer.* My Lord I will be rul'd,  
The rather if you could deuife it so  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right,  
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,  
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie  
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts  
Did not together plucke such enuie from him  
As did that one, and that in my regard  
Of the vnworthiest fiedge.

*Laer.* What part is that my Lord ?

*King.* A very ribaud in the cap of youth,  
Yet needfull to, for youth no leſſe becomes  
The light and careleſſe liuery that it weareſ  
Then fetled age, his ſables, and his weedes  
Importing health and grauenes ; two months ſince  
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,  
I haue ſeene my ſelfe, and feru'd againſt the French,  
And they can well on horſebacke, but this gallant  
Had wiſh-craft in't, he grew vnto his ſeate,  
And to ſuch wondrous dooing brought his horſe,  
As had he beene incorp'ſt, and demy natur'd  
With the braue beaſt, ſo farre he topt me thought,  
That I in forgerie of ſhapes and tricks  
Come ſhort of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman waſt ?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Vpon my life *Lamord*.

*King.* The very fame.

*Laer.* I know him well, he is the brooch indeed  
And Iem of all the Nation.

*King.* He made confeſſion of you,  
And gaue you ſuch a masterly report  
For art and exercife in your defence,  
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,  
That he cri'd out t'would be a fight indeed

If

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[ I ]

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Prince of Denmark.*

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation  
 He fwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
 If you opposd them; sir this report of his  
 Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,  
 That he could nothing doe but wish and beg  
 Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.  
 Now out of this.

*Laer.* What out of this my Lord?

*King.* *Laertes* was your father deare to you?  
 Or are you like the painting of a forrowe,  
 A face without a hart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*King.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,  
 But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,  
 And that I see in passages of prooфе,  
 Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,  
 There liues within the very flame of loue  
 A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,  
 And nothing is at a like goodnes still,  
 For goodnes growing to a plurisie,  
 Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe  
 We should doe when we would: for this would changes,  
 And hath abatements and delayes as many,  
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,  
 And then this shoule is like a spend thirfts sigh,  
 That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vicer,  
*Hamlet* comes back, what would you vndertake  
 To shewe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne  
 More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his thraot i'th Church.

*King.* No place indeede shoule murther sanctuarise,  
 Reuendge shoule haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*,  
 Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,  
*Hamlet* return'd, shall knowe you are come home,  
 Weele put on thofe shall praife your excellencie,  
 And set a double varnish on the fame  
 The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together  
 And wager ore your heads; he being remisfe,  
 Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Will

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Lear.* My lord, I like it well:  
But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.

*King* I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you  
Such a report of singularitie,  
Will bring him on, although against his will.  
And leſt that all ſhould miſſe,  
I'le haue a potion that ſhall ready ſtand,  
In all his heate when that he caſles for drinke,

Shall be his period and our happineſſe.  
*Lear.* T'is excellent, O would the time were come!  
Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*  
*king* How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?

*Queene* O my Lord, the yong *Oſelia*  
Hauing made a garland of ſundry fortes of floures,  
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,

The

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,  
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
 A sword vnbated, and in a pace of practise  
 Requite him for your Father.

*Laer.* I will doo't,  
 And for purpose, Ile annoynyt my sword.  
 I bought an vnction of a Mountibanc  
 So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,  
 Where it drawes blood, no Cataplisme so rare,  
 Collected from all simples that haue vertue  
 Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death  
 That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point  
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

*King.* Lets further thinke of this.  
 Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes  
 May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,  
 And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
 Twere better not assayd, therefore this project,  
 Should haue a back or second that might hold  
 If this did blast in prooфе; soft let me see,  
 Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,  
 I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,  
 As make your bouts more violent to that end,  
 And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him  
 A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,  
 If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,  
 Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

*Enter Queene.*

*Quee.* One woe doth tread vpon another's heele,  
 So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes*.

*Laer.* Drown'd, ô where?

*Quee.* There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke  
 That shewes his horry leaues in the glassy streme,  
 Therewith fantastique garlands did she make  
 Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples  
 That liberall Shepheards giue a groffer name,  
 But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.  
 There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M.

Clambring

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

The eniuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,  
 And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,  
 Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she late smiling,  
 Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,  
 Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapable  
 As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,

Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,  
 Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

*Lear.* So,she is drownde:

Too much of water haft thou *Ofelia*,  
 Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,  
 Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,  
 For woe begets woe, and grieve hangs on grieve. *exeunt.*

*enter Clowne and an other.*

*Clowne* I say no, she ought not to be buried  
 In christian buriall.

2. Why sir?

*Clowne* Mary because shée's drownd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

*Clowne* No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.

*Clowne* No, I deny that, for looke you fir, I stand here,

If

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Clambring to hang, an eniuious sliuer broke,  
 When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe  
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,  
 And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,  
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,  
 As one incapable of her owne distresse,  
 Or like a creature natvie and indewed  
 Vnto that elament, but long it could not be  
 Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,  
 Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay  
 To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas, then she is drownd.

*Quee.* Drownd, drownd.

*Laer.* Too much of water haft thou poore *Ophelia*,  
 And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet  
 It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,  
 Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,  
 The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,  
 I haue a speech a fire that faine would blafe,  
 But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow *Gertrard*,  
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage,  
 Now feare I this will giue it start againe,  
 Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Clownes.*

*Clowne.* Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully  
 seekes her owne saluation?

*Other.* I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crow-  
 ner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

*Clowne.* How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne  
 defence.

*Other.* Why tis found so.

*Clowne.* It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the  
 poynt, if I drown me my selfe wittingly, it argues an a<sup>t</sup>, & an a<sup>t</sup> hath  
 three branches, it is to a<sup>t</sup>, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her  
 selfe wittingly.

*Other.* Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

*Clowne.* Giue mee leauue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the  
 man.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:  
 But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,  
*Ergo* I am guiltie of my owne death:  
 Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.

2. I but see, she hath christian buriall,  
 Because she is a great woman.

*Clowne* Mary more's the pitty, that great folke  
 Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne  
 Themselues, more than other people:

Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou  
 Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes troughe,  
 Of a Madox, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

2. Why a Madox, for he buildes all of stone,  
 And will endure long.

*Clowne* That's pret, soot agen, soot agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the galloves,  
 And that binges may a one to his long home.

*Clowne* Pret agen, the galloves doct wel, may haue  
 Axes it wel; the galloves axes wel to them that doe ill,  
 goe get thee gone!

And if any one aske thee hereafter day,  
 A Gravemarker, for the houses he buildes  
 Last til Doomesday. Fetch me a stope of beverage.

## *Prince of Denmark.*

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

*Other. But is this law?*

*Clowne.* I marry i' st, Crowners quest law.

*Other.* Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beeene a gentlewoman, she shoulde haue beene buried out a christian buriall.

*Clowne.* Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke  
should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues,  
more then theyr euen Christen : Come my spade, there is no auncient  
gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold  
vp Adams profession.

*Other.* Was he a gentleman?

*Clowne.* A was the first that euer bore Armes.

Ille put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy selfe.

*Other. Go to.*

*CLOW.* What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

*Other.* The gallowes maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

*Clowne.* I like thy wit well in good fyath, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

*Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.*

*Clowne.* I, tell me that and vnyoke.

*Other. Marry now I can tell.*

*Glowne.* Too't.

*Other.* Mass I cannot tell.

*Clow.* Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lastes till Doomesday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

**Me thought it was very sweet**

To contract ô the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Clowne* A picke-axe and a spade,  
A spade for and a winding sheete,  
Most fit it is, for t'will be made,      *he throwes vp a shouel.*  
For such a ghest most meete.

*Ham.* Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,  
That is thus merry in making of a graue?  
See how the flauie joles their heads against the earth.

*Hor.* My lord, Cuftome hath made it in him seeme no-  
*Clowne* A pick-axe and a spade,a spade,      (thing.  
For and a winding sheete,  
Most fit it is for to be made,  
For such a ghest most meete.

*Ham.* Looke you, there's another *Horatio*.  
Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?  
Me thinkes he shoulde indite that fellow  
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking  
Him about the pate with's shouel:now where is your  
Quirkes and quillets now,your vouchers and  
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,  
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce  
Holde the conueiance of his land, and must  
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!

I prethee tell me *Horatio*,  
Is parchuent made of sheep-skinnes?

*Hor.* I my Lorde, and of calves-skinnes too.

*Ham.* Ifaith they prooue themselues sheepe and calves  
That deale with them, or put their trust in them.  
There's another, why may not that be such a ones  
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,  
When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee

*Prince of Denmarke.**Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

*Hora.* Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

*Ham.* Tis een so, the hand of little imployment hath the dintier fence

*Clow.* But age with his stealing steeppes                            *Song.*

hath clawed me in his clutch,  
And hath shipp'd me into the land,  
as if I had neuer been such.

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowlies it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

*Hora.* It might my Lord.

*Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

*Hor.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maffene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggitis with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

*Clow.* A pickax and a spade a spade,                            *Song.*

for and a shrowding sheet,  
O a pit of Clay for to be made  
for such a guest is meet.

*Ham.* There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

*Hora.* Not a iot more my Lord.

*Ham.* Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

*Hora.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Lets question yonder fellow.  
Now my friend, whose graue is this?

*Clowne* Mine sir.

*Ham.* But who must lie in it?

(fir.

*Clowne* If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat

*Ham.* What man must be buried here?

*Clowne* No man sir.

*Ham.* What woman?

*Clowne* No woman neither sir, but indeede

One that was a woman.

*Ham.* An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,  
This seauen yeares haue I noted it : the toe of the pefant,  
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,  
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,  
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

[See p. II 87]

*Clowne* I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before  
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes,  
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner  
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.

*Ham.* And why a tanner?

*Clowne* Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,  
That it will holde out water, that s a parlous  
Deuourer of your dead body, a great foaker.  
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,  
Let me see, I euer since our last king *Hamlet*  
Slew *Fortenbraffe* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,  
Hee that's mad.

*Ham.* I mary, how came he madde?

*Clowne* Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.

*Ham.* Vpon what ground?

*Clowne* A this ground, in *Denmarke*.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmark.*

*Hora.* I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes to.

*Ham.* They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

*Clow.* Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

*Ham.* I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

*Clow.* You lie out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dooſt lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

*Clow.* Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dooſt thou digge it for?

*Clow.* For no man fir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

*Clow.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*Clow.* One that was a woman fir, but rest her soule shée's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haſt thou been Graue-maker?

*Clow.* Of the dayes i' th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbraſſe*.

*Ham.* How long is that ſince?

*Clow.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and ſent into [See p. 87 I] *England*.

*Ham.* I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

*Clow.* Why becaufe a was mad: a ſhall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*Clow.* Twill not be ſeen in him there, there the men are as mad

*Ham.* How came he mad? (as hee.

*Clow.* Very ſtrangely they fay.

*Ham.* How ſtrangely?

*Clow.* Fayth eene with loofing his wits.

*Ham.* Vpon what ground?

*Clow.* Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

[See p. II 86] *Ham.* Where is he now?

*Clowne* Why now they sent him to *England*.

*Ham.* To *England!* wherefore?

*Clowne* Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,  
Or if he haue not, tis no great matter there,  
It will not be seene there.

*Ham.* Why not there?

*Clowne* Why there they say the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* Whose scull was this?

*Clowne* This,a plague on him,a madde rogues it was,

He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,  
Why do not you know him? this was one *Yorick's* scull.

*Ham.* Was this?I prethee let me see it,alas poore *Yorick*

I knew him *Horatio*,

A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times  
vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a  
hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me : Wheres  
your iefts now *Yorick*? your flashes of meriment: now go  
to my Ladies chamber , and bid her paint her selfe an inch  
thicke , to this she must come *Yorick*. *Horatio* , I prethee

tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked  
thus?

*Hor.* Euen so my Lord.

*Ham.* And smelt thus?

*Hor.* I my lord, no otherwise.

*Ham.* No,why might not imagination worke, as thus of

*Alexander*, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander*  
became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being  
but clay, why might not time bring it to passe,that he might  
stoppe

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

[See p. 86 I]

*Clow.* Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-  
kie corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will laft you som eyght  
yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laft you nine yeere.

*Ham.* Why he more then another?

*Clow.* Why fir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe  
out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-  
fon dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*Clow.* A whorfon mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay I know not.

*Clow.* A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of  
Renish on my head once; this same skull fir, was fir *Yoricks* skull, the  
Kings Iester.

*Ham.* This?

*Clow.* Een that.

*Ham.* Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite  
iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-  
sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge  
rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not howe  
oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your fla-  
shes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one  
now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you  
to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fa-  
vour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

*Hora.* What's that my Lord?

*Ham.* Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashon i'th earth?

*Hora.* Een so.

*Ham.* And smelt so pah.

*Hora.* Een so my Lord.

*Ham.* To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not  
imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping  
a bunghole?

*Hor.* Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

*Ham.* No faith, not a iota, but to follow him thether with modesty  
enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was  
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee  
make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might  
they

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

stoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?  
 Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turnd to clay,  
 Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

*Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,  
 with a Priest after the coffin.*

*Ham.* What funerall's this that all the Court lament? It shews to be some noble parentage:

Stand by a while.

*Lear* What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

*Priest* My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,  
 And more than well the church can tolerate,  
 She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:  
 And but for fauour of the king, and you,  
 She had been buried in the open fieldes,

Where now she is allowed christian buriall.

*Lear.* So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell  
 shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.

*Ham.* The faire *Ophelia* dead!  
*Queene* Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:

I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,  
 And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

*Lear.*

*Prince of Denmark.*

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell ?  
 Imperious *Cæsar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,  
 Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.  
 O that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
 Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.  
 But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,  
 The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow ?  
 And with such maimed rites ? this doth betoken,  
 The corse they follow, did with desprat hand  
 Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,  
 Couch we awhile and marke.

*Enter K. Q.  
Laertes and  
the corse.*

*Laer.* What Ceremonie els ?  
*Ham.* That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.  
*Laer.* What Ceremonie els ?  
*Doſt.* Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd  
 As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,  
 And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,  
 She should in ground vnsanctified been lodg'd  
 Till the last trumpet : for charitable prayers,  
 Flints and peebles should be throwne on her :  
 Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,  
 Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home  
 Of bell and buriall.

*Laer.* Must there no more be doone ?  
*Doſt.* No more be doone.  
 We should prophane the seruice of the dead,  
 To sing a Requiem and such rest to her  
 As to peace-parted soules.

*Laer.* Lay her i'th earth,  
 And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh  
 May Violets spring : I tell thee churlish Priest,  
 A ministring Angell shall my sister be  
 When thou lyest howling.

*Ham.* What, the faire *Ophelia*.  
*Quee.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell,  
 I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,  
 I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,  
 And not haue strew'd thy graue.

*Laer.* O treble woe

Fall

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Lear.* Forbeare the earth a while:fister farewell:

*Leartes leapes into the graue.*

Now powre your earth on,*Olympus* hie,  
And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*:      *Hamlet leapes*  
Whats he that coniures so?                          *in after Leartes*

*Ham.* Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

*Lear.* The diuell take thy soule.

*Ham.* O thou praeist not well,

I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,  
For there is someting in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:

I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:  
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:

Wilt fight, wilt faft, wilt pray,  
Wilt drinke vp vessels,eate a crocadile? Ile doot:  
Com'ft thou here to whine?  
And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a liue,

Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,  
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,

Make

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,  
 Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious fence  
 Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,  
 Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;  
 Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,  
 Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made  
 To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyefh head  
 Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he whose griefe  
 Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow  
 Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand  
 Like wonder wounded hearers : this is I  
*Hamlet* the Dane.

*Laer.* The deuill take thy soule.

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers  
 For though I am not spleenitie rash, (from my throat,  
 Yet haue I in me something dangerous,  
 Which let thy wisedome feare ; hold off thy hand,

*King.* Pluck them a funder.

*Quee.* *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame  
 Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame !

*Ham.* I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers  
 Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue  
 Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For loue of God forbeare him.

*Ham.* S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe :  
 Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,  
 Woo't drinke vp Efill, eate a Crocadile ?  
 Ile doo't, dooſt come heere to whine ?  
 To out-face me with leaping in her graue,  
 Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.  
 And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
 Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground  
 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Make

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Make Oosell as a Wart.

*King.* Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the sea,  
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:  
Therfore a while give his wilde humour scope.

*Ham.* What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus?  
I neuer gaue you cause : but stand away,

A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

*Exit Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Queene.* Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,  
And not his heart, *Leartes*.

*King.* My lord, tis so: but wee'le no longer trifle,  
This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last,  
For presently we meane to send to him,  
Therfore *Leartes* be in readynes.

*Lear.* My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.

*King.* Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,  
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,  
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

*Queene* God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* beleue mee, it greeues mee much *Horatio*,  
That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:  
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his griefe,  
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

*Enter*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'l't mouthe,  
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Quee.* This is mere madnesse,  
And this a while the fit will worke on him,  
Anon as patient as the female Doue  
When that her golden couplets are disclosed  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you sir,  
What is the reaon that you vse me thus ?  
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,  
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may

The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*  
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,  
Weele put the matter to the present push :  
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,  
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,  
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see  
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,  
You doe remember all the circumstance.

*Hora.* Remember it my Lord.

*Ham.* Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting  
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay  
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,  
And prayd be rashnes for it : let vs knowe,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well  
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that shoud learne vs  
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Hora.* That is most certaine.

*Ham.* Vp from my Cabin,  
My sea-gowne scarfte about me in the darke  
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,  
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew  
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.

My

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[ I ]

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold  
Their graud commission; where I found *Horatio*  
A royll knauery, an exact command  
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,  
Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,  
With hoe such bugges and goblines in my life,  
That on the superuise no leasure bated,  
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,  
My head should be strooke off.

*Hora.* I' st possible?

*Ham.* Heeres the commission, reade it at more leasure,  
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

*Hora.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benettet round with villaines,  
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,  
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,  
Deuised a new commission, wrote it faire,  
I once did hold it as our statifts doe,  
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much  
How to forget that learning, but sir now  
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know  
Th'effect of what I wrote?

*Hora.* I good my Lord.

*Ham.* An earneft coniuration from the King,  
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,  
As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,  
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare  
And stand a Comma tweene their amities,  
And many such like, as sir of great charge,  
That on the view, and knowing of thefe contents,  
Without debatement further more or leffe,  
He shoulde thofe bearers put to fuddaine death,  
Not shriuing time alow'd.

*Hora.* How was this feald?

*Ham.* Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,  
I had my fathers signet in my purse  
Which was the modill of that Danish seale,  
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other  
Subscribe it, gau't th'impression, plac'd it safely,

The

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Enter a Bragart Gentleman.*

*Horatio*, but marke yon water-flie,  
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.  
*Gent.* Now God sauе thee, sweete prince *Hamlet*.  
*Ham.* And you fir: foh, how the muske-cod smels!

*Gen.* I come with an embassage from his maiesy to you  
*Ham.* I shall fir giue you attention:

By my troth me thinkes t is very colde.  
*Gent.* It is indeede very rawilh colde.  
*Ham.* T'is hot me thinkes.

*Gent.* Very fwoltery hote:

The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

The changling neuer knowne : now the next day  
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent  
Thou knowest already.

*Hora.* So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

*Ham.* They are not neere my conscience, their defeat  
Dooes by their owne insinuuation growe,  
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Betweene the passe and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposits.

*Hora.* Why what a King is this !

*Ham.* Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vpon ?  
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,  
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,  
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,  
And with such cufnage, i'ft not perfect conscience ?

*Enter a Courtier.*

*Cour.* Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

*Ham.* I humble thanke you fir.  
Doost know this water fly ?

*Hora.* No my good Lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious , for tis a vice to know him,  
He hath much land and fertill : let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his  
crib shall stand at the Kings messe , tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-  
ous in the possession of durt.

*Cour.* Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I shoulde  
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

*Ham.* I will receaue it fir withall dilligence of spirit , your bonnet  
to his right vse, tis for the head.

*Cour.* I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

*Ham.* No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

*Cour.* It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

*Ham.* But yet methinkes it is very sully and hot, or my complec-  
tion.

*Cour.* Exceedingly my Lord , it is very foultery, as t'were I can-  
not tell how : my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you , that a  
has layed a great wager on your head, fir this is the matter.

*Ham.* I beseech you remember.

*Cour.* Nay good my Lord for my easse in good faith,fir here is newly  
com to Court *Laertes*,belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Six Barbary horse,against six french rapiers,  
With all their acoutrements too,a the carriages:  
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

*Ham.* The carriages sir,I do not know what you meane.

*Gent.* The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake sellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dosie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

*Cour.* Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Cour.* Sir.

*Hora.* Ift not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will too't sir really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

*Cour.* Of *Laertes*.

*Hora.* His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him sir.

*Cour.* I know you are not ignorant.

*Ham.* I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

*Cour.* You are not ignorant of what excellency *Laertes* is.

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, leaft I shoulde compare with him in excellency, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

*Cour.* I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meēd, hee's vnfollowed.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Cour.* Rapier and Dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons, but well.

*Cour.* The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses, against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponsive to the hilts, most délicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hora.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* The worde had beeene more cosin german to the phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his fide, And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.

*Gent.* Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you, And on your fide the King hath laide, And desires you to be in readinesse.

*Ham.* Very well, if the King dare venture his wager, I dare venture my skull:when must this be?

*Gent.* My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiesty, With the rest of the best iudgment in the Court, Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

*Ham.* Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him.

*Gent.* I shall deliuuer your most sweet answer. *exit.*

*Ham.* You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced, Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.

*Hor.* He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

done.

*Cour.* The carriage sir are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, six Barbry horses against six French swords their assinges, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet a-against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

*Cour.* The king sir, hath layd sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not excede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

*Ham.* How if I answere no?

*Cour.* I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

*Ham.* Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maiesfy, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

*Cour.* Shall I deliuer you so?

*Ham.* To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.

*Cour.* I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

*Ham.* Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

*Hora.* This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* A did sir with his dugge before a fuckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a kind of hifly colection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young *Ostricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sents to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whenfoeuer, provided I be so able as now.

N 3.

*Lord.*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Ham.* Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine  
Very fore, all here about.

*Hor.* My lord, forbeare the challenge then.

*Ham.* No *Horatio*, not I. if danger be now,  
Why then it is not to come, theres a predestiuate prouidence.  
in the fall of a sparrow : heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.*

*King* Now sonne *Hamlet*, we hane laid vpon your head,  
And make no question but to haue the best.

*Ham.* Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker fide.

*King* We doubt it not, deliuier them the foiles.

*Ham.* First Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,  
Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes*.  
If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse,  
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,  
And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes*,  
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,

And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house

And

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Lord.* The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

*Ham.* Shee well instructs me.

*Hora.* You will loose my Lord.

*Ham.* I doe not think so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

*Hora.* Nay good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hora.* If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will forstal their repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what iſt to leauē betimes, let be.

*A table prepared, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cufhions,*

*King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,*  
*and Laertes.*

*King.* Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,  
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this preſence knowes,  
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punniſht  
With a ſore diſtraction, what I haue done

That might your nature, honor, and exception  
Roughly awake, I heare proclaime was madneſſe,  
Wauſt *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away,  
And when hee's not himſelfe, dooēs wrong *Laertes*,  
Then *Hamlet* dooēs it not, *Hamlet* denies it,  
Who dooēs it then? his madneſſe. Ift be ſo,  
*Hamlet* is of the faction that is wronged,  
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* enimie,  
Let my diſclaiming from a purpoſ'd euill,  
Free me ſo farre in your moft generous thoughts  
That I haue ſhot my arrowe ore the house

And

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

And hurt my brother.

*Lear.* Sir I am satisfied in nature,

But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,  
And will no reconcilement,  
Till by some elder maisters of our time  
I may be satisfied.

*King* Giue them the foyles.

*Ham.* I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,  
Have all a laught, come on sir: *a bit.*

*Lear.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most  
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor  
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,  
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor  
I haue a voyce and presidenc of peace  
To my name vngord: but all that time  
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely , and will this brothers wager  
franckly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkeſt night  
Stick fiery of indeed.

*Laer.* You mocke me fir.

*Ham.* No by this hand.

*King.* Giue them the foiles young *Oſtricke*, cosin *Hamlet*,  
You knowe the wager.

*Ham.* Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker fide.

*King.* I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,  
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

*Laer.* This is to heauy : let me ſee another.

*Ham.* This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.

*Oſtr.* I my good Lord.

*King.* Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon that table,  
If *Hamlet* give the firſt or ſecond hit,  
Or quit in anſweref of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.  
The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,  
And in the cup an Vnice ſhall he throwe,  
Richer then that which foure ſuccellue Kings  
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne : giue me the cups,  
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,  
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,  
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Lear.* No none. *Here they play.*

*Ham.* Judgement.

*Gent.* A hit, a most palpable hit.

*Lear.* Well, come againe. *They play againe.*

*Ham.* Another. Judgement.

*Lear.* I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.

*King* Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee

*Queene* Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.

*King* Giue him the wine.

*Ham.* Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,  
I'le drinke anone.

*Queene* Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinkest to thee.

*Shee* drinkes.

*King* Do not drinke *Gertred*: O tis the poysned cup!

*Ham.* Leartes come, you dally with me,  
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.

*Lear.* If say you so? haue at you,  
Ile hit you now my Lord:  
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.

*Ham.* Come on sir.

*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,*  
*Leartes falleth downe, the Queene falleth downe and dies.*

*King*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets the while.*  
 And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on sir.

*Laer.* Come my Lord.

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgement.

*Ostrick.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Drum, trumpets and shot.*

*Laer.* Well, againe.

*Florish, a peece goes off.*

*King.* Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.

Heeres to thy health : giue him the cup.

*Ham.* Ile play this bout first, set it by a while

Come, another hit. What say you ?

*Laer.* I doe confessit.

*King.* Our sonne shall winne.

*Quee.* Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good Madam.

*King.* Gertrard doe not drinke.

*Quee.* I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

*King.* It is the poysned cup, it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

*Quee.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My Lord, Ile hit him now.

*King.* I doe not think't.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.

*Ham.* Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so, come on.

*Ostr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Haue at you now.

*King.* Part them, they are incentf.

*Ham.* Nay come againe.

*Ostr.* Looke to the Queene there howe.

*Hora.* They bleed on both fides, how is it my Lord ?

*Ostr.* How iſt *Laertes*?

*Laer.* Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge *Ostrick*

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*King Looke to the Queene.*

*Queene* O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.

*Ham.* Treason, ho, keepe the gates.

*Lords* How ist my Lord *Leartes*?

*Lear.* Euen as a coxcombe shoud,  
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:  
*Hamlet*, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,  
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.  
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned  
That drinke was made for thee.

*Ham.* The poysned Instrument within my hand?  
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:  
Come drinke, here lies thy vnioun here.     *The king dies.*

*Lear.* O he is iustly serued:  
*Hamlet*, before I die, here take my hand,  
And withall, my loue: I do forgiue thee.     *Leartes dies.*

*Ham.* And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

*Hor.* No, I am more an antike Roman,  
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.

*Ham.* Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,

*Prince of Denmark.*

I am iustly kilde with mine owne treachery.

*Ham.* How dooes the Queene?

*King.* Shee sounds to see them bleed.

*Quee.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,  
The drinke the drinke, I am poysned.

*Ham.* O villaine, how let the doore be lock't,  
Treachery, seeke it out.

*Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art slaine,  
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,  
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,  
The treacherous instrument is in my hand  
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise  
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie  
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poysned,  
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

*Ham.* The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

*All.* Treason, treason.

*King.* O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt..

*Ham.* Heare thou incestuous damned Dane,  
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?  
Follow my mother.

*Laer.* He is iustly serued, it is a poysen temperd by himselfe,  
Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble *Hamlet*,  
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,  
Nor thine on me.

*Ham.* Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee ;  
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.  
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death  
Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,  
But let it be ; *Horatio* I am dead,  
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right  
To the vnsatisfied.

*Hora.* Neuer belieue it ;  
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,  
Heere's yet some liquer left.

*Ham.* As th'art a man  
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

O.

O

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldest die,  
 What a scandale wouldest thou leaue behinde?  
 What tongue shouldest tell the story of our deaths,  
 If not from thee? O my heart sinckes *Horatio*,  
 Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:  
 Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule.     *Ham. dies.*

*Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.*

*enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.*

*Fort.* Where is this bloody fight?

*Hor.* If aught of woe or wonder you'lde behold,  
 Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.

*Fort.* O imperious death! how many Princes  
 Haſt thou at one draft bloudily ſhot to death?     (*land,*  
*Ambaff.* Our ambaffie that we haue brought from *Eng-*  
 Where be theſe Princes that ſhould heare vs ſpeake?  
 O moſt moſt vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

*Hor.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name  
 Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me ?  
 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,  
 Absent thee from felicity a while,  
 And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine      *A march a  
farre off.*  
 To tell my story : what warlike noise is this ?

*Enter Ofrick.*

*Ofr.* Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,  
 To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

*Ham.* O I die *Horatio*,  
 The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,  
 I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,  
 But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights  
 On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,  
 So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse  
 Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

*Hora.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,  
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.  
 Why dooes the drum come hether ?

*Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.*

*For.* Where is this sight ?

*Hora.* What is it you would see ?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death  
 What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,  
 That thou so many Princes at a shot  
 So bloudily haft strook ?

*Emba.* The sight is dismal  
 And our affaires from *England* come too late,  
 The eares are fencelesse that should giue vs hearing,  
 To tell him his commandment is fulfiled,  
 That *Rosencraus* and *Gyldensterne* are dead,  
 Where should we haue our thankes ?

*Hora.* Not from his mouth  
 Had it th'ability of life to thanke you ;  
 He neuer gaue commandement for their death ;  
 But since so iump vpon this bloody questione

You

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Hor.* Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,  
The first beginning of this Tragedy:  
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,  
And let the State of the world be there:  
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,  
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

*Fort.* I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,  
Which now to claime my leisure doth invite mee:

Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines  
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:  
For he was likely,had he liued,  
To a prou'd moft royll.

Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this  
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

*Finis*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*  
Are heere arriued, giue order that theſe bodies  
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,  
And let me ſpeake, to yet vñknowing world  
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare  
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,  
Of accidentall iudgments, caſuall ſlaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe  
And in this vpshot, purpoſes miſtooke,  
Faſne on th'inuenters heads: all this can I  
Truly deliuere.

*For.* Let vs haſt to heare it,  
And call the nobleſt to the audience,  
For me, with forrowe I embracē my fortune,  
I haue ſome rihts, of memory in this kingdome,  
Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

*Hora.* Of that I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,  
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,  
But let this fame be preſently perform'd  
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſchance  
On plots and errores happen.

*For.* Let foure Captaines  
Beare *Hamlet* like a ſouldier to the ſtage,  
For he was likely, had he beene put on,  
To haue prooued moſt royll; and for his paſſage,  
The ſouldiers muſicke and the right of warre  
Speake loudly for him:  
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a fight as this,  
Becomes the field, but heere ſhowes much amiffe.  
Goe bid the ſouldier's ſhoote.      *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

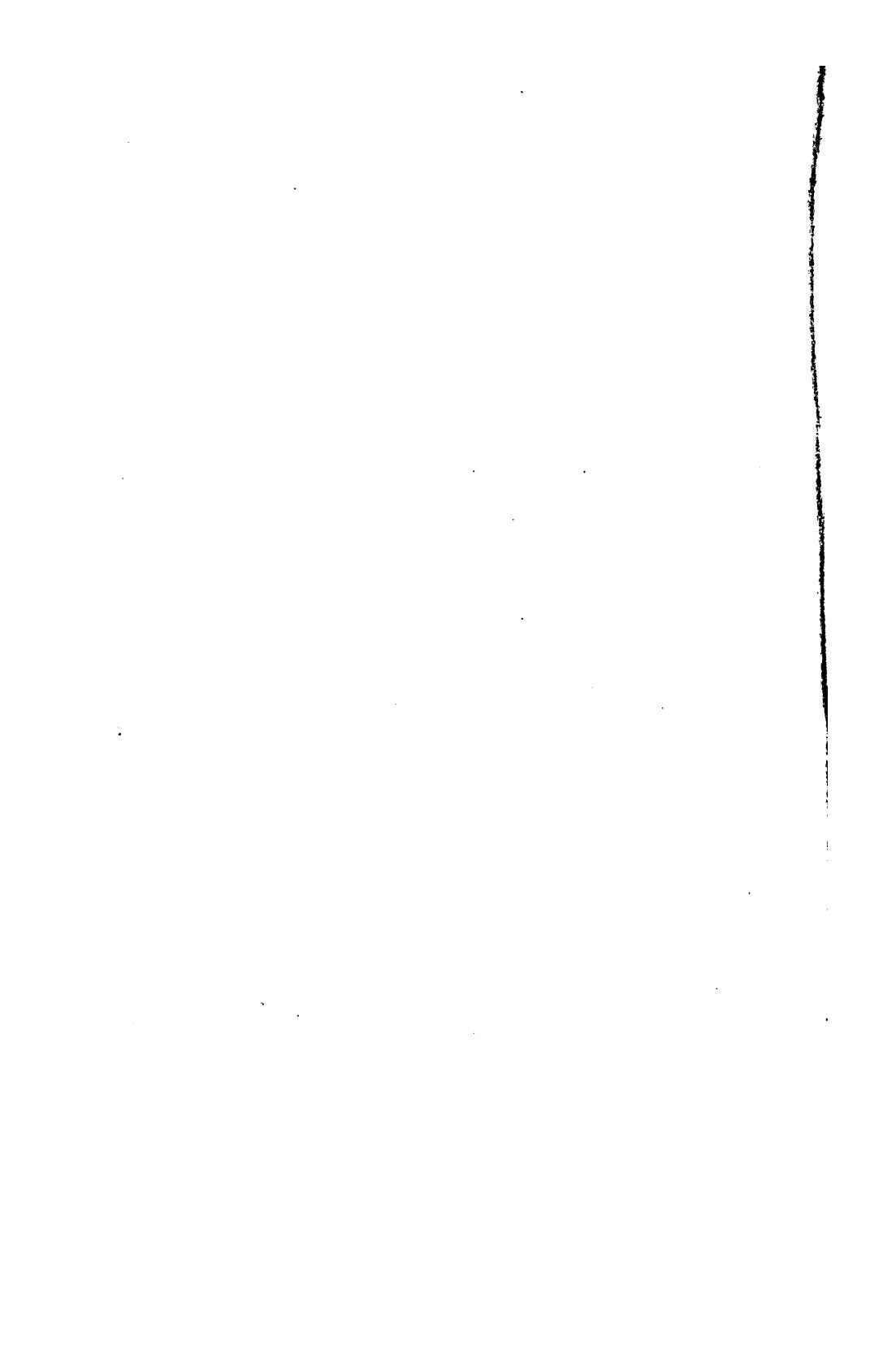
G 2

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